

January

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1907

The CHAUTAUQUAN

*The Magazine of
System in Reading*

English Reading Jour-
ney: The Industrial
Counties

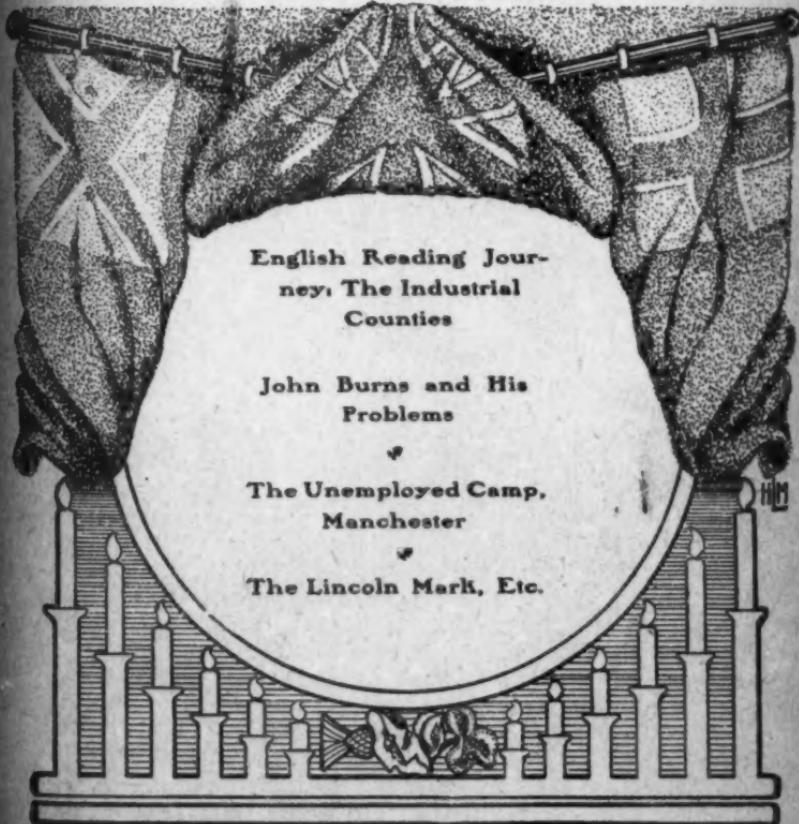
John Burns and His
Problems

*

The Unemployed Camp,
Manchester

*

The Lincoln Mark, Etc.



The Chautauqua Press

Chautauqua, New York

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

THE MAGAZINE OF SYSTEM IN READING

Official Publication of Chautauqua Institution

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THE CHAUTAUQUA PRESS,

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Chautauqua, New York.

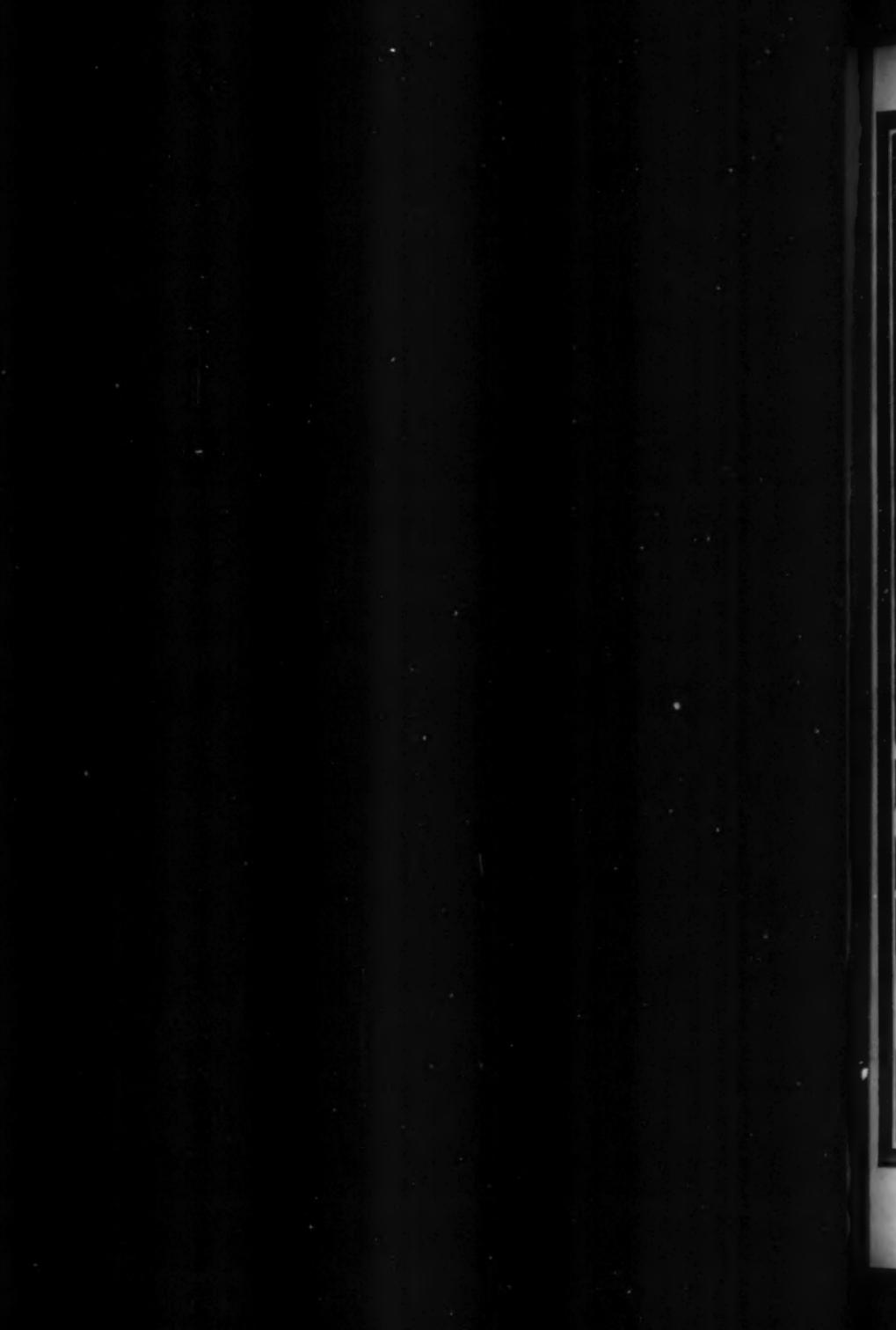
FRANK CHAPIN BRAY,
Managing Editor

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...1906-1907...

English Year, No. 6. The 28th C. L. S. C. Year

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

The following series will form a required part of the Chautauqua Home Reading Course for the English Year 1906-07:

"Imperial England," the leading series, strikes the keynote of the contents of the magazine for the reading year. It goes without saying that the expansion of the British Empire is a subject of world-wide import in our day. Professor Cecil Fairfield Lavell, a popular lecturer-teacher, formerly of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and an adept at interpreting history in terms of human interest, is preparing this series. The scope of the articles is indicated by their titles: The Beginning of England's Sea-Power; The Opening of the East; The Great Duel with France; Pioneers of Empire; Clive and Hastings; Cook and Phillip; David Livingstone; The Dominion of Canada; The Road to the East; Perils and Rewards of Empire.

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Talk About Books, particularly on English subjects.

Bibliographies and references to current literature, etc., etc.

It is never possible to announce complete magazine plans in advance; a wide awake publication is necessarily an opportunist in the best sense from month to month. The point to bear in mind is that adapting itself thoroughly to the conditions of our day and generation, THE CHAUTAUQUAN is "the magazine of system in reading."

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A
MAGAZINE
OF THINGS
WORTH
WHILE

The CHAUTAUQUAN'S
Point of View

EXONENT
OF OUTLOOK
AND
UPLIFT
FORCES

Words of commendation for THE CHAUTAUQUAN MAGAZINE in its new form continue to come from all quarters. At the recent meeting of the representatives of Assemblies, belonging to the International Chautauqua Alliance, many expressions of approval were volunteered the editor. Not a day passes without receipt of favorable comment from our readers, C. L. S. C. workers, editors, publishers, and advertising men. Of course we could not expect that everybody would instantly grow enthusiastic over such a radical change: we think the improvement will grow upon some who found the change a little startling. The simple statement that one does not like the change calls for no argument or comment from our standpoint. To realize that our policy unquestionably meets the needs and tastes of the great majority of our constituency is an exceedingly gratifying endorsement.

A few quotations from recent letters will serve to show what is said:

GOLDEN, COLORADO.—

We all like the new magazine. It is handy, racy, and full of information.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.—

The magazine in its new dress is a work of art.

NEWTON, MASS.—

We find the magazine much more attractive than last year, being less discursive in its character and more definite.

CANANDAIGUA, NEW YORK.—

I do not like the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The method of binding prevents the magazine from opening well, and the larger page is preferable.

BEREA, OHIO.—

The members do not like THE CHAUTAUQUAN in its new form.

ARDMORE, IND. TER.—

The "little CHAUTAUQUAN" is simply dear, so artistic, and so convenient, such fine make-up.

JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.—

I want to report an intensely loyal circle of Chautauqua girls enthusiastic over the books, and who approve the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

NEW LONDON, OHIO.—

I have not had THE CHAUTAUQUAN for several years and I like the new form so much.

The Chautauquan

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—

We like THE CHAUTAUQUAN so much in its new form. It is so much more convenient.

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA.—

The class all approve heartily of the change of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, as it is much more convenient to handle than formerly.

WORCESTER, MASS.—

Calling at our public library the other day I was pleased to notice the marked improvement in the appearance of THE CHAUTAUQUAN and would like to inquire the cost of the C. L. S. C. Home Reading Course for the English year.

Professor Andreas Baumgartner, ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.—

I also find that the new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is an improvement. I have even been enabled since to take THE CHAUTAUQUAN into my pocket which I could not have done with the old size.



Publishing Policy

From Norwalk, Ohio, comes a kindly statement which calls for a word of reply. The writer says:

The new form of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is commended, and that portion of it devoted to the interests of Chautauqua readers much appreciated, but aside from this, the contents are not quite as satisfactory as those of former ones and some wonderment is expressed that the price should not be reduced with the size and the lessened material published.

It is a fact that all the material in the present issue of the magazine is more closely related to the special topics of the English year than previous editorial policy would permit. This has been deliberately done, since from the field of Chautauqua circles we learned that in many places library facilities were so meager that readers needed to have more sidelights furnished upon the "Chautauqua" topics instead of references to library material not available for them. To give space to such material in our pages some of the "side lines," especially studies in various civic subjects, had to be sacrificed. We may not be able to present as many different topics at a given time as heretofore, although the number of pages have been so largely increased, but by more thorough treatment of each topic which we do take up in successive "Chautauqua" years, we believe that readers will be better satisfied in the long run.

There is also an expense limit of production within which we must work. If the Norwalk writer should see the bills of the cost of production of the material in the Chautauqua course and the magazine in its new and more attractive form, the wonder would be that the price of the magazine had not been increased. Every fac-

tor in publishing, paper, labor, etc., has increased tremendously in cost within recent years and many publications have increased their price to readers. The Chautauqua publications are in no sense issued for private financial profit and our policy is to furnish them to the reader as near the cost of actual production as possible.



Other Editors Say

THE CHAUTAUQUAN has changed its size. Once it was the big quarto that we all looked for and rolled under our arms, as we glanced about for some quiet nook in which to devour its feast. Then its pages were reduced to the size of the standard magazines. And now, to be the companion of busy men on the street-cars, of mothers with their work-baskets, of all sorts and conditions of busy people, it is still further reduced in size to a beautiful, easily held, inviting page. It is edited with mastery. It is one of the best "worth while" kind of magazines. Bishop Vincent makes it his forum, too, by the way.—*Central Christian Advocate, Kansas City, Mo.*

Appears in new dress, smaller in size and more convenient.—*Chelsea, Vt., Herald.*

This excellent magazine is the official publication of the Chautauqua Institution. For many years it has been issued in the regular magazine style, but with the September number it was reduced from a double column to a wide single column in order to make the number or volume more portable. This change, however, has not diminished the amount or quality of its reading matter. In literary and moral tone it will continue one of the best magazines published.—*Oklahoma Law Journal.*

THE CHAUTAUQUAN in its new form is a dainty magazine of small page size, beautifully put into print. One could wish that it would open more readily, but it is not alone in its stiff-backedness. The illustrated article on "The Ancestry of the English Theatre" in the October number is a good type of many which are well adapted to illustrate subjects that our young people are learning about in their high schools.—*The Public, Chicago.*

The latest numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN have come to us in a striking form, "easy to read and easy to carry." While the size of the magazine is reduced to the ordinary book page (to conform with the books of the regular Chautauqua Reading Course), the number of pages is greatly increased, so that readers will lose in neither quantity nor quality. Indeed, these first numbers of the new volume for 1906-07 promise much in the way of pleasure and profit to Chautauquan readers. The illustrations are most attractive, including several full pages in color, some of them reproductions from old engravings.—*The Silver Cross, New York.*

The Chautauquan Weekly

A weekly illustrated newspaper devoted to news of Chautauqua Institution; news of its home town, Chautauqua, New York; and news of its home territory, Chautauqua Lake, all the year round.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 26, 1906.

Editor CHAUTAUQUAN WEEKLY:

DEAR SIR:—I was much interested in one of the paragraphs of "Brevities" in your issue of the 22nd just received. It gave some of the reasons that had been received from solicited parties for *not* subscribing to your paper: one was "not interested in Chautauqua except when in session." Now do you know it is because I *am* interested in Chautauqua during its session—for sixteen summers past I have been there—that I want your dear little paper and would not do without it for many times the amount of its subscription.

Why it brings the dear old place so near to me—heretofore during the winter months I would feel almost as if Chautauqua was off the map. Through your columns I now visit the many familiar scenes, all in their fall and winter garb, but very attractive to me, and I am keeping up with the various improvements of the grounds, the deliberations of the many organizations of the Institution, the honor conferred by foreign educators upon our honored Bishop as representative of our grand educational movement, and countless other interesting data connected with our beloved Chautauqua, and in consequence I believe I will be still more enthusiastic and interested in the "summer sessions" of 1907. I feel most positive your paper will be a potent factor in drawing the eyes, and later the feet, of many Chautauqua-wards.

I am depending upon it being most helpful to me in giving early information and various items of interest to present to applicants for membership in the Tobey party for Chautauqua next summer and I am glad of this opportunity to express to you my delight and interest in THE CHAUTAUQUAN WEEKLY. That it will thrive and be counted among the many blessings Chautauqua and its Institutions have bestowed upon humanity is the sincere wish of

Yours truly,

MRS. E. T. TOBEY.

From Mr. Z. L. White, Columbus, O.:

"I feel like expressing my appreciation of THE CHAUTAUQUAN WEEKLY. We look forward to its arrival each week with pleasure. There is no spot so dear as Chautauqua, and the little weekly keeps us in living touch with it the year round."

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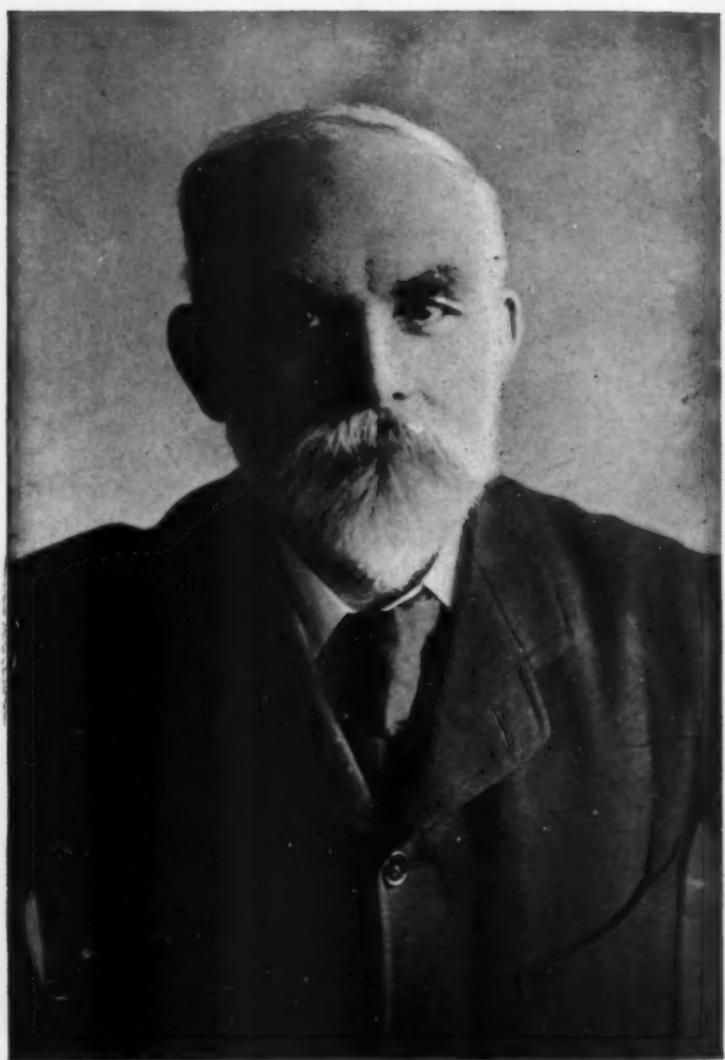
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John Burns, the Noted English Labor Leader.
See *John Burns and His Problems*, by John Graham Brooks, page 198.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

VOL. XLV.

JANUARY, 1907.

No. 2.



WE have discussed the meaning and lessons of the November elections, and in common with most impartial and progressive observers, we expressed the opinion that the results throughout the country evidenced a popular determination to continue the struggle against monopolistic greed, political corruption and corporate lawlessness. "No reaction" was the mandate of the voters, "no reaction, and no suspension of the activity of the general and state governments under the anti-trust, anti-discrimination and anti-graft laws."

The national administration is clearly of the same opinion. It has no intention of "resting on its laurels." The suit instituted by the department of justice against the Standard Oil Trust is momentous in its direct and indirect implications. The step is graver even than was the government's attack on the Northern Securities Company, or railroad merger in 1902. In that case only two competing lines were involved, and the "device" of a holding company was new and uncertain as to legality. Moreover, the "merger" had not had any practical effects—that is, rates had not been raised and the power to restrain trade had not actually been exercised.

With the Standard Oil Trust the situation is entirely different. The combination is the oldest in the country; it is the "premier trust," and has undergone two reorganizations. It embraces about seventy-five constituent corporations, some of which have maintained an apparent inde-

pendence. It claims, and has claimed all along, that it has conformed to the letter and spirit of the national anti-trust law and the trust laws of all the states in which it operates. It has pointed out that, if its methods and form of organization and divided distribution are illegal, it shares this illegality with the steel trust, the tobacco trust and a score of other great combinations. It controls 90 per cent. of the oil business of the United States, and its financial power is enormous.

The government alleges that it is an unlawful combination in restraint of trade and competition, and asks the court for a decree dissolving the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the stock of which has been exchanged for the stock of the many constituent companies, and if it is successful in the proceedings instituted in St. Louis, each of the latter corporations will be compelled to do business on its own account, without any agreement with any other oil corporation.

A battle royal is looked for, for the trust has the best legal talent at its command and the trust law is admittedly vague in certain of its provisions. The department of justice is fully aware of the magnitude of the task it has undertaken, as well as of the fact that the form and stock arrangements of all other trusts are "on trial" along with those of the oil combination. It has, however, made a searching inquiry into the whole situation and appears to be confident that the courts will sustain its contentions, as it sustained it in the merger case and the cases of the great railroad joint-traffic associations.

The law is sweeping in its provisions as interpreted in previous notable decisions, it applies to every agreement, contract, arrangement and device that tends to destroy or limit competition or even to place the combined corporations in a position where they can, if they choose, control output, distribution and prices and prevent competition in commerce between the states. Many statesmen, lawyers and writers have advocated the revision and amendment of this statute and it is understood the administration itself is not really

satisfied with it. As long, however, as it stands in its present form, the President is bound to enforce it without fear or favor. We cannot have one law for the small trusts and another for the big ones, one policy in administering and applying the law for the weak and another for the strong.

In Ohio, it will be remembered, the Standard Oil Company of that state has recently been convicted of violation of the state anti-trust law. Other suits are pending against it in that state and elsewhere. All of these will now be prosecuted with special vigor. The struggle with monopoly has entered upon a new phase in the United States.



Child Labor and Interstate Commerce

Senator A. J. Beveridge of Indiana has drafted a bill prohibiting the labor of children under 14 years of age. He does not expect Congress to enact it into law at the present or any near session, but he believes it to be sound in legal theory and useful from an educational point of view. He hopes it may stimulate appropriate state action, especially where the anti-child labor legislation is defective and inadequate by plainly indicating a less pleasant alternative—federal interference.

How can the federal government reach and control factories, stores, laundries, sweatshops, etc., in the states? Is it not the exclusive function of the states, under their police power, to safeguard health and morals? Is not Congress, in legislating on child labor and all similar matters limited to the territories, the District of Columbia and dependencies?

As far as direct regulation is concerned, the power of Congress is so limited. But Senator Beveridge would deal with the evil indirectly—under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution. The bill applies to railroads, steamships and other common carriers, and provides that these shall not transport or accept for transport of any establishment that employs children under 14. The carrier

must require an affidavit from every shipper and in relation to every shipment to the effect that he employs no child labor of the prohibited sort.

In other words, the doctrine of the meat inspection law and the pure food law is applied by Mr. Beveridge, in all seriousness, to the question of child labor. The welfare of the country, he holds—and rightly, is affected by child labor, the physical, mental and moral vigor of its future citizens depending upon the prevention of undue and reckless exploitation of the labor of immature beings.

The question, however, is whether the power to regulate interstate commerce includes the power to forbid shipments of goods on grounds totally unconnected with the commerce itself and affecting production alone? The answer is distinctly doubtful. It has been pointed out that, if Congress can, under the commerce clause, prohibit child labor indirectly, it can regulate marriage and divorce indirectly, by prohibiting the transportation of persons who have not complied with a given federal law of marriage and divorce. A hundred similar strained and fantastic applications might be suggested. It is certain that the "commerce clause" was not intended to cover and justify *every* case in which the general welfare is endangered by some act of commission and omission. On the other hand, it is impossible to say dogmatically where proper application of the commercial clauses stops. The courts are bound to construe and apply the clause "reasonably," and reasonableness is something that changes with conditions, needs and sentiments.

At any rate, the Beveridge bill should spur the states to fuller performance of their duty in the premises. In a country so rich, powerful and prosperous as this the abuse of child labor is a discreditable and intolerable vice.



Leading Men on the Reform Movement

"President Roosevelt," said Dr. Washington Gladden, the eminent clergyman recently in an address, "has a harder



Archbishop of
Canterbury,
Leader of Church
Opposition to
Education Bill.



Augustine Birrell,
Minister of Edu-
cation and Au-
thor of the Edu-
cation Bill.



Duke of Devon-
shire,
One of the Few
Progressives in
the House of
Lords.

ENGLISHMEN PROMINENT IN CURRENT POLITICS



Senator A. J. Beve-
ridge,
Author of a Child
Labor Bill.



Washington Glad-
den
Social Reformer.



Dr. Felix Adler,
Who Justifies the
Social Unrest
of the Day.

THREE AMERICANS OF PRESENT INTEREST



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Liberal Party. "Yes I was wrong to threaten him with the whip. The dear creature must be *led*, not driven. Still—this isn't quite the way I meant to come!"—*From Punch.*

fight before him than Lincoln had." The issue in the civil war, he went on to explain, was clear and definite, and the solution simple. The great issue of our day is complex and many-sided, and we cannot hope for a short conflict and easy victory.

At the same time as these remarks were being published and commented upon, other leaders of thought were explaining different phases of the agitation now in progress. Prof. Felix Adler, head of the Ethical Culture Society of New York, emphasized the serious nature of the grievances of the discontented classes. It was not envy, jealousy, or any other ignoble sentiment, he said, that was prompting the demand for industrial reforms; it was a sense of injustice, of essential dishonesty in the methods of acquiring and distributing wealth. Men were not objecting to inequality, to reward of superiority; they were objecting to artificial, unfair, unnecessary inequality, to reward of cunning and fraud.

President J. G. Schurman of Cornell, in discussing the ethics of business, warned the great capitalists that the wage system must be reorganized. He said:

The masses of wage-earners are, I believe, today in angry revolt against the vast inequalities which the present economic system produces. Shall the end be socialism, revolution, or what?

For, remember that these discontented classes may easily constitute the majority of our voters, and that in this republic policies are determined by the vote of the majority.

Workmen must be made partners in the great productive and distributive industries; coöperation must replace the present relation of master and wage-laborer. Wealth must be "nationalized" in the sense of diffusion and wide distribution, and monopoly checked and abolished.

This is the familiar industrial gospel of Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of the Federal Circuit Court at Chicago. He advocates the "peopleizing" of corporations and industries. In a recent speech he showed what the people had to complain of in the law and practice of corporations with unusual clearness and force. To quote:

The cause of the people's discontent is in the fact that throughout the years since Lee's surrender the great new life was becoming incorporated. No pains were taken by the states that gave them birth to make these corporations media through which the people at large might transmute their individual savings into permanent property interests.

No pains were taken to furnish the worker with a medium through which he might with reasonable safety transmute a part of his day's profits into a permanent property interest.

No pains were taken to interest either workers or people as proprietors at all, the one instrumentality in which the new industrial life had embodied itself having been left, though state created, a mere shell, under whose roof and behind whose walls every form of treachery, and nearly every form of theft were given free rein. This is the great black sin of the times in which we live.

Judge Grosscup went on to show that the people's money was being used by banks to swell the corporation influence. He advised restraining the evil along the lines of German corporation laws, which prevent stock-watering and fraud in corporate activity, and he advocated among other things, the policy of making workmen investors in the stocks of the companies employing them. The "magic of property" must be appealed to; the "disinherited" must be made proprietors.



Race Deterioration in England Once More

A committee of the Fabian (Socialist) Society of Great Britain, in view of the persistent discussion of "race deterioration," physical degeneracy through a low birth-rate among the worthiest and soundest classes, and the fecundity of the unfit and ignorant, appointed a committee some time ago to investigate the question scientifically. A formal report is to be prepared, but in the meantime Mr. Sidney Webb, the well-known author and sociologist, has published a summary of the committee's findings. It is shown that in Ireland the birth-rate has not declined materially. In England and Scotland, among the Irish and the Jewish immigrants, there is likewise no decline of natality, religion ap-

parently operating as a preventive of deliberate checks. For the rest of the population of the country, the following results are recorded :

1. The decline in the birth rate is not merely the result of the alteration in the age of the marrying population or in the proportion of married women.
 2. It is not confined to the towns.
 3. It is exceptionally marked where the inconvenience of children is specially felt.
 4. It is most noticeable in places inhabited by the servant-keeping class.
 5. It is much greater in that section of the population which gives proof of thrift.
 6. It is due evidently to some cause which was not appreciably operative 50 years ago.
- It is principally, if not entirely, the result of the deliberate action of married people.

A general and uniform decline in the birth-rate, such as is witnessed in France (where the most recent statistics show a further fall of the birth-rate in spite of an increase in the number of marriages) does not necessarily involve deterioration. That occurs when the shiftless, incompetent and reckless multiply at the expense of the careful, vigorous and thrifty.

The Fabian committee's findings have revived the discussion of causes and remedies for the evil. It is admitted that the struggle for existence, the dread of poverty and destitution, the uncertainty and irregularity of employment, involuntary idleness, and the like on the one hand, and the growing love of ease and comfort, the weakening of religious sanctions in many quarters, and the diffusion of education and reading on the other, account for the phenomenon, and great industrial and moral changes are the product of slow, evolutionary processes. The Fabian committee will favor such measures as feeding of the children of the poor (a bill for such feeding is pending in Parliament) in the public schools, industrial and technical education for all in addition to elementary instruction and even, perhaps, the recognition by the state of maternity as an honorable service to society meriting reward. The opponents of the Socialistic philosophy attack such proposals as tending to weaken parental responsibility, encouraging dependence, destroying

individual initiative—in short, as calculated to injure the race instead of improving it. Thus the controversy turns in a circle, and no progress is made.



The Lords and the Commons in England

Twenty years ago there was a great popular movement in Great Britain in favor of "mending or ending the House of Lords." Will this cry be renewed today, when "the lords," are again in opposition to the Commons, again resisting the reforms of a Liberal government?

We have followed the education bill through its various stages in the Commons. As it stands now, "reconstituted" by the upper house, it is radically different, "inadmissibly" different from the measure which the Liberal government feels bound to pass. It makes religious instruction in the school compulsory and strengthens denominationalism. The minister of education has declared that no compromise is possible. Does this mean that if the Lords stand by their bill the government will dissolve Parliament and "appeal to the country"?

Not necessarily, it seems. This course has been considered and found inexpedient and dangerous, as it might establish a precedent for dissolution in consequence of the defeat of a government bill by the upper house. The cabinet it is reported, will wait and add more and more counts to the indictment of the Lords by the democratic and modern spirit.

There are other bills on the Liberal program which the House of Commons has passed or soon will pass by large majorities. Among these are: The trades disputes bill, demanded by all the unions of British workmen, which safeguards union funds, enlarges the right of combination for strike purposes and extends the right of peaceable picketing and boycotting; the bill to abolish plural voting in national elections (as it has been in local) and establish the "one man, one vote" principle; the bill extending the scope of the act



A Foreign View of England.
Peace on Earth—but War on the Water.—*From Ulk.*

for accident insurance in industry, and the bill to relieve agricultural tenants.

All these measures are strong and popular with large sections of the electorate. The government would doubtless feel certain of success and vindication in another general election if the Lords should reject all of them. It may reject one or two, accept one and amend the rest. In that event, the outcome of another election might not be so certain.

At any rate, the Lords are not at all humble and apologetic in this present attitude. They deny that they are opposing the will of the people in opposing that of the Commons majority. They point to the Irish Home Rule issue, on which the people sustained them and claim that on several other occasions they, and not the Commons, voiced the na-

tional sentiment. They do not arrogate to themselves the power of obstructing and defeating popular legislation; what they insist on is their right to prevent hasty decisions and errors, to ascertain, or force the government to ascertain whether a given legislative proposal that is supposed to be popular really is favored by the majority of the nation. This view of the function of the upper house is modest in theory but very far-reaching in practice. The presumption is that the majority of the elected representatives express the will of the majority of the electors. If this is to be disregarded, disagreement on every important bill may lead to a dissolution of parliament. This would paralyze government and legislation.

Some of the Lords perceive this and are said to favor the adoption of a referendum law under which disputes between the two houses would be submitted to the voters for direct action. This would render general elections unnecessary to settle such disputes and save time, energy, and expense. However, the suggestion is too radical, and no one seriously believes it will be acceptable to the upper house.



News Notes

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND

England has recently been much aroused by the tactless manner in which the Government has sought to repress the agitation in behalf of woman's suffrage. On October 23, the day on which Parliament reopened, a number of prominent women, leaders in the suffrage movement, invaded the House of Commons and proceeded after the manner of the following account published in *The Labour Record*: "The first part of the proceedings was conducted in the most decorous and approved manner. Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethwick Lawrence first approached one of the Liberal Whips and asked him to put a question to the Prime Minister. There was a large number of women outside the House, they told him, waiting to know whether there was any hope for them this session; would he in the Plural Voting Bill, or in any other way, give to them what they were asking—their enfranchisement? The Liberal Whip was gone away but a little time, and then he returned to them with a negative. 'Does he hold out any hope to us for other sessions?' they asked, but the Whip shook his head. 'That is the last word you have to say?' 'It is.'

"With that the two women returned to the outer lobby. What was the use of decorous conduct? It was futile. The time for

drastic action was come—action which would shock the decorous, respectable world into attention.

"The particular convention which it was decided to break was the immaculate sanctity of the men's House of Commons. First Mary E. Gawthorpe got up on one of the seats and addressed the astonished crowd. The women formed up round her, but the police dragged her down. Then Mrs. Despard (sister of General French) took her turn, then Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, then others. All as they spoke were hustled out with rough hands and bundled into the street. There they started to hold a meeting of protest. And it was there that the arrests took place."

Those arrested by the police were the leaders of the demonstration and were all women of some note and influence. Chief among them was Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, a daughter of Richard Cobden. Notwithstanding their position and refinement the ladies arrested were roughly treated by the police and were not given very civil treatment at their trial in the police court.

The police magistrate bound ten of the prisoners over to keep the peace. They refused to furnish surety and were consequently committed to prison for two months. Some were later released upon the advice of physicians who announced that confinement was detrimental to their health. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, however, remained imprisoned and much agitation resulted in the effort to release her. *The Times* was flooded with letters from prominent writers, including George Meredith and Bernard Shaw. As a result of these exertions Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson was finally released and we may assume that her unnecessary martyrdom did much to further the cause for which she suffered. A quotation from Mr. Shaw's letter to *The Times* sufficiently indicates the attitude of thoughtful Englishmen towards the Government's blunder:

"As a taxpayer, I object to having to pay for her bread and cocoa when her husband is, not only ready, but apparently even anxious to provide a more generous diet at home. After all, if Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is not afraid, surely, the rest of us may pluck up a little. We owe something to Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, both as one of our most distinguished artist craftsmen and as a most munificent contributor in crises where public interests have been at stake. If Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson must remain a prisoner whilst the Home Secretary is too paralyzed with terror to make that stroke of the pen for which every sensible person in the three kingdoms is looking to him, why on earth cannot she be imprisoned in her own house? We should still look ridiculous, but at least the lady would not be a martyr. I suppose nobody in the world really wishes to see one of the nicest women in England suffering from the coarsest indignity and the most injurious form of ill-treatment that the law could inflict on a pickpocket. It gives us an air of having lost our temper and made fools of ourselves, and of being incapable of acting generously now that we have had time to come to our senses. Surely there can be no two opinions among sane people as to what we ought to do."

"Will not the Home Secretary rescue us from a ridiculous, an intolerable and incidentally a revoltingly spiteful and unmanly situation?"

* * *

London: The County Council has resolved to ask for an in-

crease of its membership to 200, a redistribution of seats, and the eligibility of women for election.

* * * *

Declining Birth-rate in Lancashire—The annual report of Dr. Sergeant, medical officer of the administrative county of Lancashire, issued recently, states that the birth-rate is the lowest ever recorded, and bears unfavorable comparison with the rate for England and Wales. The decline has been continuous during the past eleven years, but, although of serious import, it is pointed out that the declining birth-rate ought not to raise fears that the future prosperity of the country is jeopardized. Low birth-rate not infrequently means better developed and healthier children.

* * * *

Deaths from Wild Beasts in India—Statistics relating to the destructiveness of wild animals and snakes in India in 1905 are summarized by the *Times of India*. Two thousand and fifty-four human beings are reported to have been killed, as against 2,157 in the previous year. Of these 48 were killed by elephants, 153 by wolves, 401 by leopards, and 786 by tigers. The mortality from snake bites decreased from 21,880 in 1904 to 21,797. Supplies of the lancets designed by Sir Lauder Brunton for the treatment of potash were distributed in Bombay and the Central Provinces, and in several cases the treatment is said to have been successful.

* * * *

It is announced that penny postage has been established between the United States and New Zealand.



From Punch

There is, we fear, no such thing as gratitude. The offer of the Bishops to improve the Education Bill has only called forth abuse from the supporters of that measure.

* * * *

Legal Intelligence—“Much soap is bought by the bar.”—*Daily Telegraph*.

* * * *

Chicago must look to its laurels. *The Strand Magazine* publishes the following advertisement of a Maker of Pickles: “During the year of 1905, 126,000 visitors passed through our plant.”

* * * *

Extract from Winter Program of “The Sheffield Neighbour Guild:

“Ambulance Class—For Reading Shakespeare and other Plays.”

* * * *

During the Recess a room in the House of Commons, which was previously looked upon as the property of the House of Lords, has been turned into a smoking room. Is this, we wonder, the beginning of the end, and will the House of Lords itself ultimately be converted into a restaurant for the use of the Members of the other House?



A READING JOURNEY IN ENGLISH COUNTIES

The Industrial Counties* I Lancashire

By Katharine Lee Bates

Professor of Literature in Wellesley College.

WE all know Liverpool,—but how do we know it? The Landing Stage, hotels whose surprisingly stable floors, broad beds and fresh foods are grateful to the sea-worn, the inevitable bank, perhaps the shops. Most of us arrive at Liverpool only to hurry out of it, to Chester, to London, to the Lakes. Seldom do the beguilements of the Head Boots prevail upon the impatient Americans to visit the birth-places of its two queerly assorted lions, "Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. 'Emans," of whom the second would surely roar "as gently as any sucking dove." Yet we might give a passing thought to these as well as to the high-hearted James Martineau and to Hawthorne, our supreme artist in romance, four of whose precious years the country wasted in that "dusky and stifled chamber" of Brunswick street. And hours must be precious indeed to the visitor who cannot spare even one for the Walker Fine Art Gallery, where hangs Rossetti's great painting of "Dante's Dream,"—the Florentine, his young face yearning with awe and grief, led by compassionate Love to the couch of Beatrice who lies death-pale amid the flush of poppies.

But the individuality of Liverpool is in its docks—

*This is the second group of articles in a series entitled "A Reading Journey in English Counties" which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN from December to May. The journey begins with the Border and Lake Counties and concludes with Cornwall at the southwestern extremity of England. The articles for December were "The Border" and "The Lake Country."

over six miles of serried basins hollowed out of the bank of the broad Mersey, one of the hardest worked rivers in the world,—wet docks and dry docks, walled and gated and quayed. From the busiest point of all, the Landing Stage, the mighty ocean liners draw out with their throngs of wearied holiday-makers and their wistful hordes of emigrant home-seekers. And all along the wharves stand merchantmen of infinite variety, laden with iron and salt, with soap and sugar, with earthenware and clay, with timber and tobacco, with coal and grain, with silks and woolens and, above all, with cotton,—the raw cotton sent in not only from our own southern plantations, but from India and Egypt as well, and the returning cargoes of cloth spun and woven in "the cotton towns" of Lancashire. The life of Liverpool is commerce; it is a city of warehouses and shops. The wide sea range and the ever-plying ferry-boats enable the merchant princes to reside well out of the town. So luxurious is the lot of these merchants deemed to be that Lancashire has set in opposition the terms "a Liverpool gentleman" and "a Manchester man," while one of the ruder cotton towns, Bolton adds its contribution of "a Bolton chap." This congestion of life in the great port means extreme poverty as well as of riches. The poor quarters of Liverpool have been called "the worst slums in Christendom," yet a recent investigation has shown that within a limited area, selected because of its squalor and misery, over five thousand pounds a year was spent in drink. The families that herd together by threes and fours in a single dirty cellar, sleeping on straw and shavings, nevertheless have money to spend at "the pub," precisely the same flaring, gilded ginshop today as when Hawthorne saw and pitied its "sad revellers" half a century ago.

While Liverpool has a sorry preëminence for high death-rate and for records of vice and crime, Manchester "the cinder-heap," may fairly claim to excel in sheer dismalness. The river Irwell, on which it stands, is so black that the Manchester clerks, as the saying goes, run down to it



Sketch Map of Lancashire

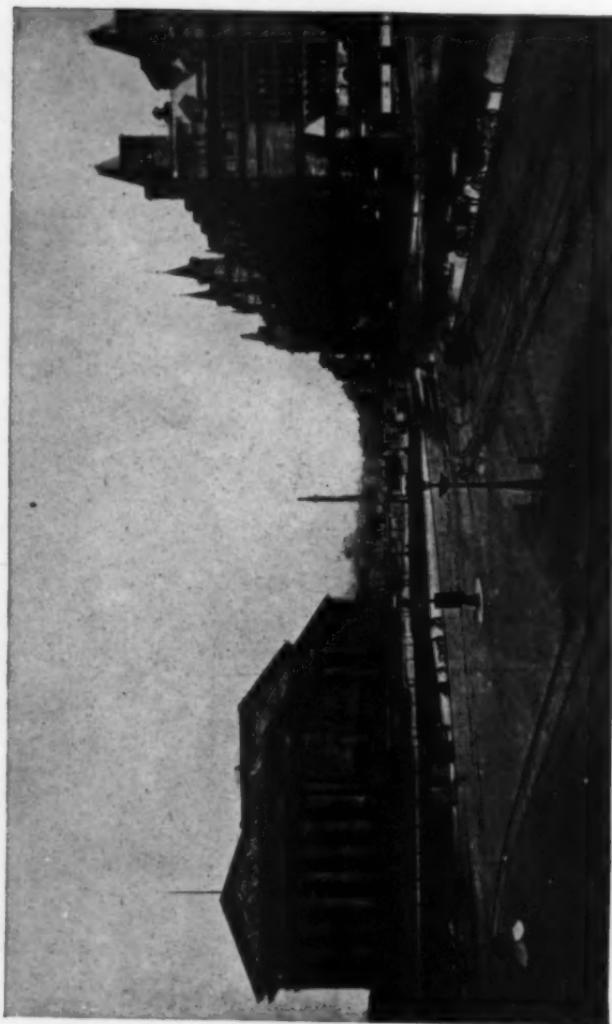
every morning and fill their ink-pots. Not only Manchester but all the region for ten miles around is one monster cotton factory. The towns within this sooty ring, tall-chimneyed Bolton, Bury that has been making cloth since the days of Henry VIII, Middleton on the sable Irk, Rochdale whose beautiful river is forced to toil not for cotton only, but for flannels and fustians and friezes, bustling Oldham, Ashton-under-Lyme with its whirr of more than three million spindles, Staley Bridge on the Tame, Stockport in Cheshire, Salford which practically makes one town with Manchester, and Manchester itself all stand on a deep coal-field. The miners may be seen, of a Sunday afternoon, lounging at the street corners, or engaged in their favorite sport of flying carrier pigeons, as if the element of air had a peculiar attraction for these human gnomes. If the doves that they fly are white, it is by some special grace, for smut lies thick on wall and ledge, on the monotonous ranks of "working-men's homes," on the costly public buildings, on the elaborate groups of statuary. One's heart aches for the sculptor whose dream is hardly made pure in marble before it becomes dingy and debased.

Beyond the borders of this magic coalfield, above which some dark enchantment binds all humanity in an inter-twisted coil of spinning, weaving, bleaching, printing, buying, selling cotton, are various outlying collieries upon which other manufacturing towns are built,—Warrington, which at the time of our Revolution supplied the Royal Navy with half its sail-cloth; Wigan, whose tradition goes back to King Arthur, but whose renown is derived from its seam of cannel coal, calico Chorley, Preston of warlike history and still the center of determined strikes, and plenty more.

The citizens of the cotton towns are proud of their grimy bit of the globe, and with good reason. "Rightly understood," said Disraeli, "Manchester is as great a human exploit as Athens." The swift industrial growth, the vast business expansion of all this region are to be counted among the modern miracles of progress, barren



East Window of Furness Abbey, Lancashire.
Photo. Walmsley Bros., Ambleside.



The Quadrant, Liverpool

of beauty and joy as their present stage may seem to be. The heroes held in memory here are plain workingmen whose mechanical inventions resulted in the English spinning-mill,—John Kay of Bury, James Hargreaves of Blackburn, Samuel Crompton of Bolton, and Sir Richard Arkwright, a native of Preston, who began his career as a barber's apprentice and won his accolade by an energy of genius which virtually created the cotton manufacture in Lancashire. The battle legends are of angry mobs and smashed machinery, of garrisoned mills and secret experiments and inventors in peril of their lives. The St. George of Lancashire is George Stephenson, the sturdy Scotchman, who in 1830, constructed that pioneer railway between Liverpool and Manchester,—a road which had to perform no mean exploit in crossing the quaking bog of Chat Moss. Fanny Kemble, when a girl of twenty-one, had the ecstasy of a trial trip with Stephenson himself. She tells with fairy-tale glamour how "his tame dragon flew panting along his iron pathway" at "its utmost speed, thirty-four miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies." Wonder of wonders, this "brave little she-dragon" could "run with equal facility backwards or forwards." This trip took place at the end of August, preliminary to the final opening on September fifteenth, an occasion whose triumph was marred by a fatal mischance, in that a stray dragon ran over a director who was innocently standing on the track. For a patron saint of today, Manchester need go no further than to the founder of the Ancoats Brotherhood, that cheery philanthropist reminding one of Hawthorne's friend who brightened the dreary visages he met "as if he had carried a sunbeam in his hand," for the disciples of the Beautiful, the followers of the Golden Rule, are full of courage even here among what the poet Blake would designate as "dark Satanic mills." From out the dirt and din, shrieking engines, roaring furnaces, clattering machinery, chimneys belching smoke by day and flame by night, blithely rises the song of their Holy War:

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

But this, though the modern reality of South Lancashire, is not what the tourist goes out to see. From Liverpool to Furness Abbey is his natural and joyful route. He steams at full speed up this richest, most prosperous and well-nigh most unattractive part of England; he has left the Mersey, the county's southern boundary, far behind; he crosses the Ribble, which flows through the center of Lancashire, and the Lune, which enters it from Westmoreland on the north and soon empties into Morecambe Bay. He has come from a district close-set with factory towns and scarred with mine shafts and slag heaps into the sweet quietude of an agricultural and pastoral region. But still above and beyond him is Furness, that northernmost section of Lancashire lying between Cumberland and Westmoreland and shut off from the rest of the county by Morecambe Bay and the treacherous Lancaster sands. High Furness is a part of the Lake Country, claiming for Lancashire Coniston Lake and one side of Windermere, which lies on the Westmoreland border. Its Cumberland boundary is the sonnetted Duddon. Low Furness, the peninsula at the south of this isolated strip, has a wealth of mineral deposits, especially iron. The town Barrow-in-Furness, which in 1846 consisted of a single hut, with one fishing-boat in the harbor, has been converted by the development of the mines, into a place of much commercial consequence. Yet the lover of poetry will visit it not for its steel works, figuring so tragically in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," nor for its shipbuilding yards and boasted floating docks, nor for the paper works which take in a tree at one end and put it out as boxes of dainty stationery at the other, but in order to reach by a boat from Peele Pier, Wordsworth's Peele Castle "standing here sublime," that old island fortress which the poet's dream has glorified with "the light that never was on sea or land."

But it is to Furness Abbey that the throngs of sight-seers come, and well they may. Its melancholy grace is one of the treasures of memory. It was thither that Wordsworth as a school-boy, for Hawkshead is within the limits of Furness, would sometimes ride with his fellows. The "Prelude" holds the picture, as he saw it over a century ago, of

"the antique walls
Of that large abbey, where within the Vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour built,
Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured arch,
Belfry, and images, and living trees;
A holy scene! Along the smooth green turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland peace
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness."

We lingered there for days, held by the brooding spell of that most lovely ruin. Hour upon hour we would wander about among the noble fragments which Nature was so tenderly comforting for the outrages of His Rapacity Henry VIII. Harebells shone blue from the top of the broken arch of the tall east window, whose glass was long since shattered and whose mullions wrenched away. Grasses and all manner of little green weeds, had climbed up to triforium and clerestory, where they ran lightly along the crumbling edges. Ivy tapestries were clinging to the ragged stone surfaces. Thickets of nightshade mantled the sunken tombs and altar steps. Ferns nodded over the fretted canopies of the richly-wrought choir stalls and muffled the mouths of fierce old gargoyles, still grinning defiance at Time. In the blue overhead, which no roof shut from view, a seagull would occasionally flash by with the same strong flight that the eyes of the Vikings, whose barrows once dotted the low islands of this western coast, used to follow with sympathetic gaze. Wrens had built their nests in plundered niche and idle capital. The rooks, arraying themselves in sombre semicircle along some hollow chancel arch, cawed reminiscent vespers. And little

boys and girls from Barrow, joyous mites of humanity not yet smelted into the industrial mass, tried leaping-matches from the stumps of mossy pillars and ran races through nave and cloister. The wooden clogs of these lively youngsters have left their marks on prostrate slab and effigy, even "the stone abbot" and "the cross-legged knight," much to the displeasure of the custodian, a man who so truly cares for his abbey, the legal property of the Duke of Devonshire, that he has purchased two of the chief antiquarian works upon Furness in order that he may thoroughly acquaint himself with its history. It was he who told us that many of the empty stone coffins had been carried away by the farmers of the neighborhood to serve as horse-troughs and that in their barn walls might be seen here and there sculptured blocks of red sandstone quite above the appreciation of calves and heifers. He told how he had shown "Professor Ruskin" about the ruins and how, at Ruskin's request, Mrs. Severn had sent him from Brantwood seeds of the Italian toad-flax to be planted here. He lent us his well-thumbed folios, West's "Antiquities of Furness," and Beck's "Annales Furnessienses," so that, sitting under the holly-shade in the Abbey Hotel garden, with a "starry multitude of daisies" at our feet, we could pore at our ease over that strange story, a tale of greatness that is told, and now, save for those lofty ribs and arches so red against the verdure, nothing but a tale. Our readings would be pleasurable interrupted toward the close of the afternoon by the advent of tea, brought to us in the garden, and the simultaneous arrival of a self-invited robin.

"Not like a beggar is he come
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast."

We tossed crumbs to him all the more gaily for the fancy that his ancestors were among the pensioners of the abbey in the day of its supremacy. For the monks of Furness maintained an honorable reputation for hospitality from that mid-thirteenth-century beginning, when the Gray

Brothers from Normandy first erected the grave, strong simple walls of their Benedictine foundation in this deep and narrow vale, to the bitter end in 1537. Meanwhile they had early discarded the gray habit of the Benedictines for the white of the Cistercians and their abbot had become "lord of the liberties of Furness," exercising an almost regal sway in his peninsula, with power of life and death, with armed forces at command and with one of the richest incomes of the kingdom under his control. With wealth had come luxury. The buildings, which filled the whole breadth of the vale, had forgotten their Cistercian austerity in a profusion of ornament. Within "the strait enclosure," encompassing church and cloisters, the little syndicate of white-vested monks not only chanted and prayed, transcribed and illuminated manuscripts, taught the children of their tenants and entertained the stranger but planned financial operations on a large scale. For outside this, the holy wall, was another, shutting in over threescore acres of fertile land which the lay brothers, far exceeding the clerical monks in number, kept well tilled. Here were mill, granary, bake house, malt kiln, brewery, fish-pond, and beyond stretched all Furness where the abbey raised its cattle, sheep and horses, made salt, smelted its iron, and gathered its rents.

Few of the monastic establishments had so much to lose, but Furness was surrendered to the commissioners of Henry VIII with seemingly no resistance. The Earl of Sussex reported to his greedy master that he found the Lord Abbot "of a very facile and ready mynde," while the prior, who had been a monk in that house for fifty years, was "decreped and aged." Yet it may be noted that of the thirty-three monks whom Sussex found in possession, only thirty signed the deed of surrender. On the fate of the three history is silent, save for a brief entry to the effect that two were imprisoned in Lancaster Castle. There is no record of their liberation. The monks who made their submission were granted small pensions. The abbot received the rectory of Dalton, so near the desecrated abbey that he might have heard, to

his torment, the crash of falling towers. But there is room to hope that in those cruel dungeons of Lancaster two men died because they would not cringe. We do not know, and it was in vain we hunted through the moonlight for the ghost of that mysterious thirty-third, who, too, might have a gallant tale to tell.

The region abounds in points of interest. Romney the painter is buried in the churchyard of Dalton, his native place. Beautiful for situation is Conishead Priory, "the Paradise of Furness," once a house of the Black Canons and now a much-vaunted Hydropathic, for in the stately language of the eighteenth-century antiquary, Thomas West; "*Æsculapius* is seldom invited to Furness, but *Hygeia* is more necessary than formerly."

Near the banks of the Duddon stands Broughton Tower, with its legend of how the manor, in possession of the family from time immemorial, was lost by Sir Thomas Broughton—and this was the way of it. In 1487 Lambert Simnel, claiming to be the son of the murdered Clarence, sailed over from Ireland, where he had been crowned by the sister of Richard III, to dispute the new throne of Henry VII. Among his supporters were the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel of Oxfordshire, and Lord Geraldine with an Irish force, but it was the general of his two thousand Burgundian mercenaries, "bold Martin Swart," who is credited with having given name to Swarthmoor, where the invaders encamped. Sir Thomas joined them with a small body of retainers and, in the crushing defeat that followed, was probably left dead upon the field. But legend says that two of the English leaders escaped,—Lord Lovel to his own house in Oxfordshire, where he hid in a secret chamber and perished there of hunger, and Sir Thomas to his faithful tenantry, who for years concealed him in their huts and sheepfolds, and when he died, white-haired, wrapt him in his own conquered banner and gave him a burial worthy of his race.

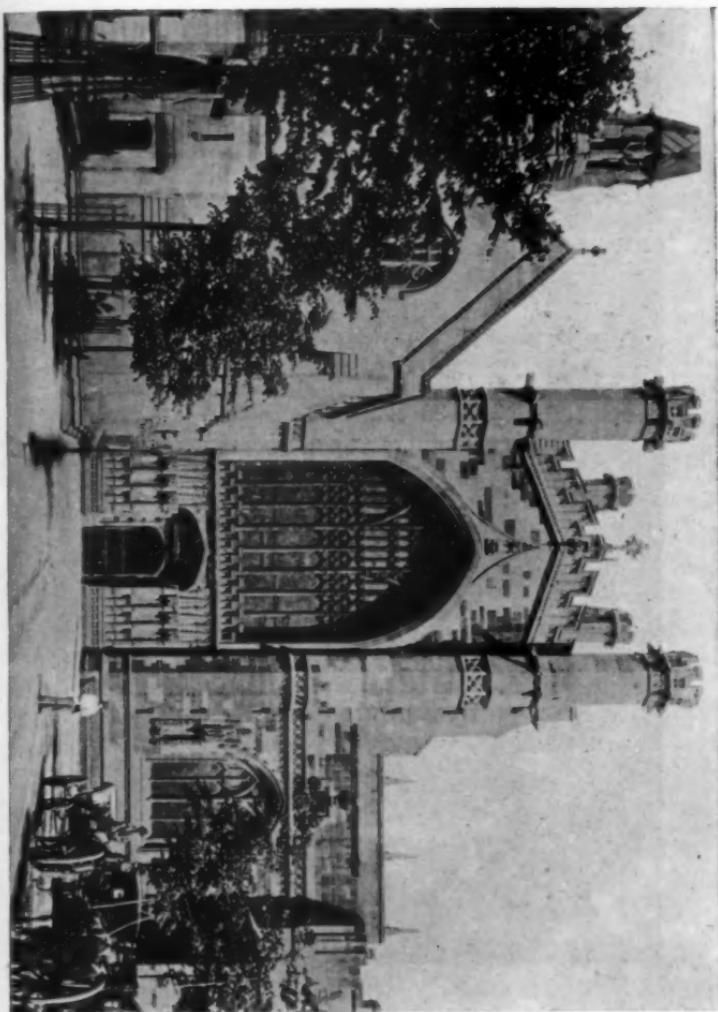
But our associations with Swarthmoor were of peace and not of war. Our pilgrimage thither was made for the

sake of Mistress Fell of Swarthmoor Hall and of George Fox, her second husband, who established hard by what is said to be the first meeting-house of Friends in England. Quitting the train at Lindal, a few miles above the abbey, we found ourselves in the rich iron country, "the Peru of Furness." It must be the reddest land this side of sunset. Even the turnips and potatoes, we were told, come red out of the ground. I know that we tramped amazedly on, over a red road, past red trees and buildings, with a red stream running below, and the uncanniest red men, red from cap to shoe, rising like Satan's own from out the earth to tramp along beside us. The road was deeply hedged, airless and viewless, and we were glad when we had left three miles of it behind us, though the village of Swarthmoor at which we had then arrived proved to be one of those incredibly squalid English villages that make the heart sick. Between wide expanses of sweet green pasture, all carefully walled in, with strict warnings against trespass, ran two or three long, parallel, stone streets, swarming with children and filthy beyond excuse. The lambs had space and cleanliness about them,—soft turf to lie upon, pure air to breathe, but the human babies crawled and tumbled on that shamefully dirty pavement, along which a reeking beer wagon was noisily jolting from "public" to "public." Farther down our chosen street, which soon slipped into a lane, there were tidier homes and more sanitary conditions. Yet even Swarthmoor Hall, the fine old Tudor mansion which rose across the fields beyond, had a somewhat uninviting aspect. There were broken panes in the windows, and the cows had made the dooryards too much their own. The present proprietors, who, we were assured, value the old place highly and had refused repeated offers for it from the Society of Friends, rent it to a farmer. The housekeeper, not without a little grumbling, admitted us, and showed us about the spacious rooms with their dark oak panelling, their richly carven mantels, their windows that look seaward over Morecambe Bay and inland to the Coniston mountains. The hall which Judge

Fell, that wise and liberal man, tolerant beyond his time, allowed the Friends to use for their weekly meetings, is a room of goodly proportions, with flagged floor and timbered roof. In the dining-room window stands a simple deal desk once belonging to George Fox, but that upper door through which he used to preach to the throng in orchard and meadow is now walled up. As we, departing, looked back at the house, large, plain, three-storied, covered with grey stucco, we noted how right up on the chimney, in the alien fellowship of the chimney-pots, flourished a goodly green yew, sown by passing wind or bird. The housekeeper, who had waxed so gracious that she accompanied us for a few steps on our way, said she had lived in Swarthmoor thirty-four years and had always seen the yew looking much as it did now, but that an old man of the neighborhood remembered it in his boyhood as only finger-long. It had never, so far as she could tell, been provided by mortal hand with earth or water, but grew by some inner grace, a housetop sign and signal.

Many hallowed memories cluster about that old Elizabethan mansion. It was in 1632 that Judge Fell brought thither his bride, Margaret Askew, sixteen years his junior. She was a descendant of Anne Askew, who, a beautiful woman of twenty-four, thoughtful and truthful, had been burned as a heretic, one of the closing achievements of the reign of Henry VIII. "I saw her," reports a bystander, "and must needs confess of Mistress Askew, now departed to the Lord, that the day before her execution, and the same day also, she had on an angel's countenance, and a smiling face; though, when the hour of darkness came, she was so racked that she could not stand, but was holden up between two serjeants."

It was then that the Lord Chancellor,—who, previously, when even the callous jailer had refused to rack the delicate body further, had thrown off his gown and worked the torture-engine with his own hands,—offered her the king's par-



Chester Cathedral



The Choir, Lichfield Cathedral

don if she would recant, receiving only the quiet words: "I came not thither to deny my Lord and Master."

It is not easy for us who read to echo the prayer of her who suffered:

"Lord, I Thee desyre,
For that they do to me,
Let them not taste the hyre
Of their inyquyte."

No wonder that Margaret Fell, with such a history in her heart, should have lent a ready ear to the doctrines of the "Children of Light," as the people dubbed them, the "Friends of Truth," as they called themselves, the "Quakers," whose prime contention was for liberty of conscience.

She had been married twenty years when George Fox first appeared at Swarthmoor Hall, where all manner of "lecturing ministers" were hospitably entertained. Three weeks later, Judge Fell, a grave man not far from sixty, was met, as he was riding home from circuit, by successive parties of gentlemen, "a deal of the captains and great ones of the country," who had come out to tell him that his family were "all bewitched." Home he came in wrath, but his wife soothed him as good wives know how,—had the nicest of dinners made ready and sat by him, chatting of this and that, while he ate.

"At night," says her own account, "George Fox arrived; and after supper, when my husband was sitting in the parlor, I asked if he might come in. My husband said yes. So George walked into the room without any compliment. The family all came in, and presently he began to speak. He spoke very excellently, as ever I heard him; and opened Christ's and the Apostles practices. * * * If all England had been there, I thought they could not have denied the truth of these things. And so my husband came to see clearly the truth of what he spake."

The next First-day the meeting of the Friends was held at Swarthmoor Hall on Judge Fell's own invitation, though he himself went, as usual, to "the Steeplehouse." The spirit

of persecution was soon abroad and one day, when the Judge was absent on circuit, Fox, while speaking in the church, was set upon, knocked down, trampled, beaten, and finally whipped out of town. On Judge Fell's return, he dealt with the Friend's assailants as common rioters. He held, however, his mother's faith to the end, never becoming a member of the Society. He died in the year of Cromwell's death, 1658, and was buried by torchlight under the family pew in Ulverston Church. "He was a merciful man to God's people," wrote his widow, adding that, though not a Friend, he "sought after God in the best way that was made known to him."

Meanwhile Margaret Fell had become a leader among the Children of Light. Twice she wrote to Cromwell in behalf of their cause and again and again to Charles II, with whom she pleaded face to face. Now that her husband's protection was withdrawn, persecution no longer spared her, and she, like Fox and many another of the Society, came to know well the damp and chilly dungeons of Lancaster Castle,—that stern prison of North Lancashire which may be viewed afar off from the ominous height of Weeping Hill.

"Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they passed,
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains."

Refusing, as a Quaker must needs refuse, to take the oath of supremacy, Mistress Fell stood her trial in 1663, her four daughters beside her. Her arguments irritated the judge into exclaiming that she had "an everlasting tongue" and he condemned her to imprisonment for life, with confiscation of all her property to the Crown. But after some five years of Lancaster's grim hospitality she was released, and forthwith set out on a series of visits to those English jails in which Quakers were immured. It was not until eleven years after Judge Fell's death that she married George Fox. The courtship is summarized in Fox's "Journal": "I had

seen from the Lord a considerable time before that I should take Margaret Fell to be my wife; and when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer from God thereto." Yet after the marriage, as before, they pursued, in the main, their separate paths of preaching, journeying, and imprisonment. It was seven years before illness brought Fox to Swarthmoor, which had been restored to the family, for a brief rest. About a quarter of a mile from the mansion, stood a dwelling-house in its three or four acres of land. This modest estate Fox purchased and gave it "to the Lord, for the service of his sons and daughters and servants called Quakers. * * * And also my ebony bedstead, with painted curtains, and the great elbow-chair that Robert Widder sent me, and my great sea case with the bottles in it I do give to stand in the house as heirlooms, when the house shall be made use of as a meeting-place, that Friends may have a bed to lie on, a chair to sit on, and a bottle to hold a little water for drink." He adds: "Slate it and pave the way to it and about it, that Friends may go dry to their meeting. You may let any poor, honest Friend live in the house, and so let it be for the Lord's service, to the end of the world."

A deep hawthorne lane, winding to the left, led us to that apostolic meeting-house, wellnigh hidden from the road by its high, grey, ivy-topped wall. We passed through a grass outer court into an inner enclosure thickset with larches, hollies, and wild cherry. The paths are paved. Luxuriant ivy curtains porch and wall and clammers up over the low tower. Above the door is inscribed:

Ex dono G. F., 1682.

The meeting-room within is of Quaker plainness, with drab-tinted walls. The settees are hard and narrow, though a few "at the top" are allowed the creature comforts of cushions. Only the posts are left of the ebony bedstead, but two elbow-chairs of carven oak, a curiously capacious and substantial traveling chest, and a Bible still are shown as

Fox's personal belongings. The Bible is a black-letter folio of 1541, the Treacle Bible, open at the third chapter of Jeremiah, where, in the last verse, comes the query: "Is not there any tryacle in Gyllyad?"

But Lancashire has other saints no less holy than those dear to Protestant and Quaker memory. Surely martyrs, irrespective of the special phase of the divine idea for which they gladly give up their bodies to torture and to death, are the truest heroes of history.

"For a tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow."

This remote county, especially the north with its perilous bogs and rugged fells, clung to the mother faith. Many of its old families are still Catholic; many a Tudor mansion can show its "priest-hole" from which, perhaps, some hidden Jesuit had once been dragged to the dungeon or the scaffold. We journeyed up from Manchester on a sunny afternoon, for love of one of these, to the beautiful valley of the Ribble, rich in manifold traditions. Our time was short, but we climbed to the keep of Clitheroe Castle, ruined for its loyalty to Charles I, and viewed that wide prospect whose most impressive feature is the witch-storied stretch of Pendle Hill. On that long level range the famous witches of Lancashire used to hold their unseemly orgies, hooting and yowling about Malkin Tower, their capital stronghold, whose evil stones have been cast down and scattered. Peevish neighbors they were at the best, ready on the least provocation to curse the cow from giving milk and the butter from coming in the churn, but on Pendle Hill the broomstick battalion was believed to dance in uncouth circle about caldrons seething with hideous ingredients and to mould little wax images of their enemies who would peak and pine as these effigies wasted before the flames, or shudder with fierce shoots of agony as redhot needles were run into the wax? What were honest folk to do? It was

bad enough to have the bride-cake snatched away from the wedding-feast and to find your staid Dobbin all in a lather and dead lame at sunrise from his wild gallop, under one of these "secret, black and midnight hags," to Malkin Tower, but when you were saddled and bridled and ridden yourself, when the hare that you had chased and wounded turned suddenly into your own wife panting and covered with blood, when your baby was stolen from the cradle to be served up in the Devil's Sacrament of the Witches' Sabbath, it was time to send for one of King James' "witch-finders." So the poor old crones, doubled up and corded thumb to toe, were flung into the Calder to see whether they would sink or swim, or sent to where the fagot-piles awaited them in the courtyard of Lancaster Gaol, or even—so the whisper goes—flung into their own lurid bonfires on Pendle Hill. But still strange shadows, as of furious old arms that scatter curses, are to be seen on those heather-purpled slopes, and from the summit black thunder-storms crash down with supernatural suddenness and passion.

Our driver was a subdued old man, with an air of chronic discouragement. He met the simplest questions, about trains, about trees, about climate, with a helpless shake of the head and the humble iteration: "I can't say. I'm no scholard. I never went to school. I can't read." He eyed Pendle Hill, standing blue in a flood of sunshine, with obvious uneasiness, and asked if we thought there really were "such folk as witches." As we drove up the long avenues of Stonyhurst, our goal, that imposing seat of learning seemed to deepen his meek despondency. He murmured on his lofty perch: "I never went to school."

Stonyhurst, the chief Catholic college of England, was originally located at St. Omer's in France. Over sea to St. Omer's the Catholic gentry of Elizabethan times used to send their sons. There the exiled lads vainly chanted litanies for England's conversion, their church door bearing in golden letters the fervent prayer: "*Jesu, Jesu, converte Angliam, fiat, fiat.*" The Elizabethan sonneteer, William

Habington, who describes "a holy man" as one who erects religion on the Catholic foundation, "knowing it a ruinous madness to build in the air of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schism," was a St. Omer's boy. Nineteen of those quaintly-uniformed lads, blue-coated, red-vested, leather-trouseried, afterwards died on the scaffold or in prison, usually as Jesuit priests who had slipped into England against Elizabethan law.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the strong feeling against the Jesuits led to their banishment from France and finally to the temporary suppression of the order, the school began its wanderings,—from St. Omer's to Bruges, to Liège, and at last, in 1794, from Liège to England, where one of the alumni presented the homeless seminary with the fine estate of Stonyhurst. In this secluded, healthful situation there now stands a prosperous college, with dormitories for two hundred students, with well-equipped academic buildings, a preparatory school and a great farm which of itself maintains the institution.

Stonyhurst has many treasures,—illuminated missals, Caxton editions, a St. John's Gospel in Gaelic script said to have been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert, relics of "Blessed Thomas More," original portraits of the Stuarts,—including the winsome picture of Bonny Prince Charlie as a child,—but the object of our quest was a little manuscript volume of Robert Southwell's poems. Of course the porter knew nothing about it, though he strove to impart the impression that this was the only matter in the universe on which he was uninformed, and "the teaching fathers" were still absent for their summer holiday; but a gentle old lay brother finally hunted out for us the precious book, choicely bound in vellum and delicately written in an unknown hand, with corrections and insertions in the young priest's own autograph. This Stonyhurst manuscript gives the best and only complete text for the strange, touching, deeply devotional poems of Father Southwell,—the text on which Grosart's edition rests. It is supposed that they were written

out for him by a friend while he lay a prisoner in the Tower and that in the intervals between the brutalities of torture to which his most sensitive organism was again and again subjected, he put to his book these finishing touches,—only a few months and weeks before he was executed at Tyburn by a blunderer who adjusted the noose so badly that the martyr “several times made the sign of the Cross while he was hanging.”

Our eyes filled as we deciphered the faded Elizabethan script:

“God's spice I was, and pounding was my due;
In fading breath my incense savored best;
Death was the meane, my kyrnell to renewe;
By loppynge shott I upp to heavenly rest.

* * * * *

“Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose;
It was no death to me, but to my woe;
The budd was opened to lett out the rose,
The cheynes unloos'd to let the captive goe.”

As we were driving on to Whalley, to pay our tribute of honor to yet one more shining memory, the summit of Pendle Hill suddenly wrapped itself in sable cloud, and its haunting vixens let loose upon us the most vehement pelt of rain, diversified with lightning-jags and thunder-crashes, that it was ever my fortune to be drenched withal. One of the Lancashire witches is buried in Whalley church-yard under a massive slab which is said to heave occasionally. I think I saw it shaking with malicious glee as we came spattering up the flooded path, looking as if we had ourselves been “swum” in the Calder.

Whalley Church, one of the most curious and venerable parish churches of England, shelters the ashes of John Pawlew, last abbot of Whalley. Upon the simple stone are cut a floriated cross and chalice, with the words *Jesu fili dei miserere mei*. Only the fewest traces, chief of which is a beautiful gateway with groined roof, remain of this great abbey, one of the richest in the north of England, charitable, hospitable, with an especially warm welcome for wandering

minstrels. Its walls have been literally levelled to the ground, like those of the rival Cistercian foundation at Sawley, a few miles above. But the "White Church under the Leigh," believed to have been originally established by the missionary Paulinus in the seventh century, preserves the abbey choir-stalls, whose crocketed pinnacles tower to the top of the chancel. Their misereres are full of humor and spirit. An old woman beating her husband with a ladle is one of the domestic scenes that tickled the merry monks of Whalley. We could have lingered long in this ancient church for its wealth of fine oak carving, its pew fashioned like a cage, its heraldic glass and, in the churchyard, the three old, old crosses with their interlacing Runic scrolls, one of which, when a witch read it backward, would do her the very often convenient service of making her invisible. But we had time only for the thought of Abbot Paslew, who, refusing to bow to the storm like the Abbot of Furness, had raised a large body of men and gone to arms for the defense of the English monasteries against the royal robber. He was a leader in the revolt of 1537, known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. The Abbot of Sawley, William Trafford, old jealousies forgotten, took the field with him. But monks were no match for Henry VIII's generals, the rebellion was promptly crushed, the Abbot of Sawley was hanged at Lancaster, and Abbot Paslew was taken, with a refinement of vengeance, back to Whalley and gibbeted there, in view of the beautiful abbey over which he had borne sway for thirty years. The country folk had depended upon it for alms, for medical aid, for practical counsel, for spiritual direction, and we may well believe that, as they looked on at the execution, their hearts were hot against the murderers of him who, when he grasped the sword, had assumed the title of Earl of Poverty. The mound where he suffered is well remembered to this day.

The flying hours had been crowded with impressions, tragic, uncanny, pitiful, and we had yet, in going to the station, to run the gauntlet of a tipsy town, for it was a

holiday. We had found Clitheroe drinking, earlier in the afternoon, and now we found Whalley drunk. One unsteady individual, wagging his head from side to side and stretching out a pair of wavering arms, tried to bar my progress.

"Wh-where be g-goin'?" he asked.

"To the train," I answered curtly, dodging by.

He sat down on the wall and wept aloud.

"T-to the tr-train! Oh, the L-Lord bl-bless you! The g-good L-Lord bl-bless you all the w-way!"

And the last we saw and heard of him, he was still feebly shaking his hands after us and sobbing maudlin benedictions.



'Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, the Depository of Southwell's Poems



Lichfield Cathedral, Lichfield, Staffordshire



Furness Abbey, Arcade Leading to Cloister
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Kneeling Bishop, by Chantry, Lichfield Cathedral.

II Cheshire

Drayton the poet once took it upon him to assure Cheshire that what was true of Lancashire was true also of her:

"Thy natural sister shee—and linkt unto thee so
That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth goe."

From that great backbone of England, the Pennine Range, both these counties fall away to the west but Cheshire quickly opens into Shropshire plain. At the north-east it has its share in the treasures of the deep coal-field

rent across by the Pennines, and here, too, are valuable beds of copper. In this section of the country cluster the silk towns, among them Macclesfield, the chief seat in England of this manufacture, and Congleton, whose character, we will trust, has grown more spiritual with time. For in 1617, one of the village wags tugged a bear into the pulpit at the hour of service and it was a full twelve-month before the church was reconsecrated and worship resumed. Indeed, the Congleton folk had such a liking for bear-baiting or bear-dancing or whatever sport it was their town bear afforded them, that when a few years later this poor beast died, it is told that

"living far from Godly fear
They sold the Church Bible to buy a bear."

The old Cheshire, everywhere in evidence with its timber-and-plaster houses, distracts the mind from this new industrial Cheshire. We visited Macclesfield, but I forgot its factories, its ribbons and sacernets, silks and satins and velvets because of the valiant Leghs. Two of them sleep in the old church of St. Michael, under a brass that states in a stanza ending as abruptly as human life itself:

"Here lyeth the body of Perkin a Legh
That for King Richard the death did die,
Betray'd for righteousness;
And the bones of Sir Peers his sone,
That with King Henrie the fift did wonne
In Paris."

I have read that Sir Perkin was knighted at Crecy and Sir Peers at Agincourt, and that they were kinsmen of Sir Uryan Legh of Adlington, the Spanish Lady's Love.

"Will ye hear a Spanish Lady,
How she wooed an Englishman?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels, she had on."

This Sir Uryan was knighted by Essex at the siege of Calais, and it was then, apparently, that the poor Spanish lady, beautiful and of high degree, lost her heart. The Elizabethan ballad, whose wood-cut shows a voluminous skirted



Peele Castle, Lancashire
Photo. by Katharine Coman.



Town Hall, Manchester



Runic Cross in Whalley Churchyard, Lancashire



Roman Remains, Chester



Market Place and old Stocks, Poulton, Lancashire



Penwortham Priory, Preston, Lancashire



Swarthmoor Hall, the Home of George Fox



Lower Peover Church, Cheshire



Unitarian Chapel, Knutsford, Cheshire, where Mrs. Gaskell is Buried



A Cranford Home, Knutsford, Cheshire

dame entreating an offish personage in a severely starched ruff, tells us that she had fallen, by some chance of war, into his custody.

"As his prisoner there he kept her;
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.

* * * * * * * * *
"But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury."

But freedom was no boon to her.

"Gallant Captain, take some pity
On a woman in distress;
Leave me not within this city
For to die in heaviness."

In vain he urges that he is the enemy of her country.

"Blessed be the time and season
That you came on Spanish ground;



The Trent and Mersey Canal. In the Potteries, Staffordshire.
Photo. by Katharine Coman.

If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found."

He suggests that she would have no difficulty in getting a Spanish husband, but she replies that Spaniards are "fraught with jealousy."

"Still to serve thee day and night
My mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman
Is counted blest."

He objects that it is not the custom of English soldiers to be attended by women.

"I will quickly change myself,
If it be so,
And like a page will follow thee
Where e'er thou go."

But still he makes excuse:

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,



Firing Ovens, the Potteries, Staffordshire



Street, Knutsford, Cheshire



Landing Stage, Liverpool



A Liverpool Dock

And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place."

She puts her fortune at his disposal, but he has hit upon a new deterrent:

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful
And force tears from watry eyes."

She implies that she would gladly die, even of seasickness, for his sake, and at that the truth breaks forth:

"Courteous lady, leave this folly;
Here comes all that breeds this strife :—
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife.

"I will not falsify my vow
For gold nor gain,
Not yet for all the fairest dames
That live in Spain."

Her reply, with its high Spanish breeding, puts his blunt English manners to shame.



The "Rose and Crown," Cheshire, Erected in 1641

"Oh how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend.
Many happy days God lend her!
Of my suit I'll make an end.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"Commend me to that gallant lady;
Bear to her this chain of gold;
With these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold.

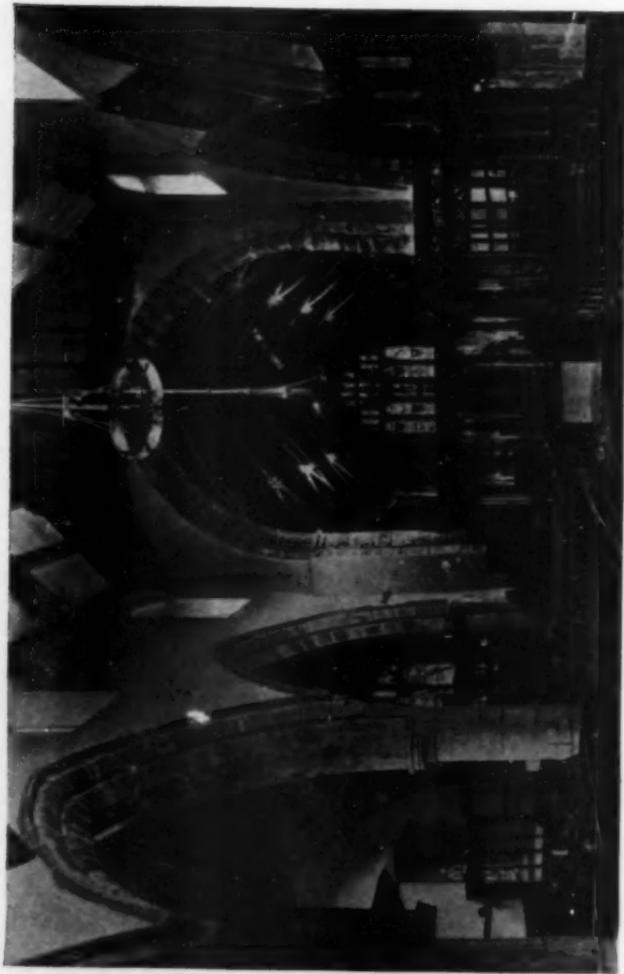
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company.

"But e'er my prayer have an end,
Be sure of this,—
To pray for thee and for thy Love
I will not miss.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"Joy and true prosperity —
Remain with thee!"
"The like fall unto thy share,
Most fair lady!"



A Cheshire Cottage



Interior of Whalley Church, Lancashire

This ballad, which Shakespeare might have bought for a penny "at the Looking-glass on London bridge" and sung to the tune of "Flying Fame," is still a favorite throughout Cheshire.

But we are driving from Macclesfield up into the Cheshire highlands,—velvety hills, green to the top, all smoothed off as trim as sofa-cushions and adorned with ruffles of foliage. Nature is a neat housekeeper even here in the wildest corner of Cheshire. What was once savage forest is now tranquil grazing-ground, and the walls that cross the slopes and summits, dividing the sward into separate cattle-ranges, run in tidy parallels. But most of the county is flat,—so flat that it all can be viewed from Alderly Edge, a cliff six hundred and fifty feet high, a little to the west of Macclesfield. Along the Mersey, the Lancastrian boundary, rise the clustered chimneys of Cheshire's cotton towns. Yet cotton is not the only industry of this northern strip. The neighborhood of Manchester makes market-gardening profitable; potatoes and onions flourish amain; and Altringham, a pleasant little place where many of the Manchester mill-owners reside, proudly contributes to their felicity its famous specialty of the "green-top carrot."

I suppose these cotton-lords only smile disdainfully at the tales of the old wizard who keeps nine hundred and ninety-nine armed steeds in the deep caverns of Alderly Edge, waiting for war. What is his wizardry to theirs! But I wonder if any of them are earning a sweeter epitaph than the one which may be read in Alderly Church to a rector, Edward Shipton, M. A.—it might grieve his gentle ghost, should we omit those letters—who died in 1630.

"Here lies below an aged sheep-heard clad in heavy clay,
Those stubborne weedes which come not of unto the judgment day.
Whilom hee led and fed with welcome paine his careful sheepe,
He did not feare the mountaines' highest tops, nor vallies deep,
That he might save from hurte his fearful flocks, which were his
care.
To make them strong he lost his strengthe, and fasteth for their
fare.
How they might feed, and grow, and prosper, he did daily tell,
Then having shew'd them how to feed, he bade them all farewell."

Good men have come out of Cheshire. In the Rectory House of Alderly was born Dean Stanley. Bishop Heber is a Cheshire worthy, as are the old chroniclers, Higden and Holinshead. Even the phraseology of Cheshire wills I have fancied peculiarly devout, as, for instance, Matthew Legh's, in 1512.

"Imprimis, I bequeath my sole to almighty god and to his blessed moder seynt Mary, and to all the selestiall company in heaven, and my bodi to be buried in the Chappell of Seynt Anne within the parish Church of Handley or there where it shall please almighty god to call for me at his pleasure."

The men of Manchester have on occasion, and conspicuously during the Civil War, approved themselves for valor. When the royalist garrison of Beeston Castle, the "other hill" of this pancake country, was at last forced to accept terms from the Roundhead troops, there was "neither meat nor drink found in the Castle, but only a piece of a turkey pie, two biscuits, and a live pea-cock and pea-hen."

Yet Cheshire is famed rather for the virtues of peace,—for thrift, civility and neighborly kindness. An early-seventeenth-century "Treatise on Cheshire" says: "The people of the country are of a nature very gentle and courteous, ready to help and further one another; and that is to be seen chiefly in the harvest time, how careful are they of one another." A few years later, in 1616, a native of the country wrote of it not only as producing "the best cheese of all Europe," but as blessed with women "very friendly and loving, painful in labour, and in all other kind of housewifery expert."

The accepted chronicler of Cheshire womanhood, however, is Mrs. Gaskell. As we lingered along the pleasant streets of Knutsford—her Cranford—and went in and out of the quiet shops, we blessed her memory for having so delectably distilled the lavender essences of that sweet, old-fashioned, village life. She had known it and loved it all the way from her motherless babyhood and she wrote of it with a tender humor that has endeared it to thousands. Our first Knutsford pilgrimage was to her grave beside the old Unitar-

ian chapel, for both her father and her husband were clergymen of that faith. We had seen in Manchester—her Drumble—the chapel where Mr. Gaskell ministered, and had read her “Mary Barton,” that sympathetic presentation of the life of Lancashire mill-hands which awoke the anger and perhaps the consciences of the manufacturers. She served the poor of Manchester not with her pen alone, but when our war brought in its train the cotton famine of 1862-3, she came effectively to their relief by organizing sewing-rooms and other means of employment for women. Husband and wife, fulfilled of good works, now rest together in that sloping little churchyard which we trod with reverent feet.

It must be confessed that Knutsford is becoming villified. It has even suffered the erection, in memory of Mrs. Gaskell, of an ornate Italian tower, which Deborah certainly would not have approved. It was not May day, so we could not witness the Knutsford revival of the May-queen court, and we looked in vain for the Knutsford wedding sand. On those very rare occasions when a bridegroom can be found, the kith and kin of the happy pair make a welcoming path for Hymen by trickling colored sands through a funnel so as to form a pavement decoration of hearts, doves, true-love knots and the like, each artist in front of his own house. But no minor disappointments could break the Cranford spell, which still held us as we drove out into the surrounding country. How sunny and serene! With what awe we passed the timbered mansions of the country families! What green hedgerows! What golden harvest-fields! What pink roses clambering to the cottage-thatch! What gardens, and what pastures on pastures, grazed over by sleek kine that called to mind Miss Matty’s whimsical old lover and his “six and twenty cows, named after the different letters of the alphabet.”

Here in central Cheshire we ought not to have been intent on scenery, but on salt, for of this, as of silk, our smiling country has almost a monopoly. And only too soon the blue day was darkened by the smoke of Northwick, the prin-



Sketch Map of Cheshire and Staffordshire

cipal seat of the salt trade and quite the dirtiest town in the county. The valley of the Weaver, the river that crosses Cheshire about midway between its northern boundary, the Mersey, and its southern, the Dee, has the richest salt-mines and brine-springs of England. The salt towns, whose chimneys belch blackness at intervals along the course of the stream, are seen at their best, or worst, in Northwich, though Nantwich, an ancient center of this industry, has charming traditions of the village hymn that used to be sung about the flower-crowned pits, especially the "Old Brine," on Ascension Day, in thanksgiving for the salt. We tried to take due note of railways and canals, docks and foundries, and the queer unevenness of the soil caused by the mining and the pumping up of brine,—such an uncertain site, that the houses,

though bolted, screwed and buttressed, continually sag and sink. The mines themselves are on the outskirts of the town, and we looked at the ugly sheds and scaffoldings above ground and did our best to imagine the strange white galleries and gleaming pillars below. There was no time to go down because it had taken our leisurely Knutsford coachman till ten o'clock to get his "bit of breakfast." Dear Miss Matty would have been gentle with him, and so we stroye not to glower at his unbending back, but to gather in what we could, as he drove us to the train, of the beauties by the way.

We left the salt to the care of the Weaver which was duly bearing it on, white blocks, ruddy lumps, rock-salt and table-salt, to Runcorn and to Liverpool. We put the brine-pits out of mind and enjoyed the lovely fresh-water meres, social resorts of the most amiable ducks and the most dignified geese, which dot the Cheshire landscape. We had visited Rostherne Mere on our way out and caught a glint from the fallen church-bell which a Mermaid rings over those dim waters every Easter dawn. We paused at Lower Peover for a glimpse of its black-and-white timbered church, deeply impressive and almost unique as an architectural survival. Among its curiosities we saw a chest hollowed out of solid oak with an inscription to the effect that any girl who can raise the lid with one arm is strong enough to be a Cheshire farmer's wife. Sturdy arms they needs must have, these Cheshire women, for the valley of the Weaver, like the more southerly Vale of Dee, is largely given up to dairy farms and to the production of cheeses. A popular song betrays the county pride :

"A Cheshire man went o'er to Spain
To trade in merchandise,
And when arived across the main
A Spaniard there he spies.

"Thou Cheshire man,' quoth he, 'look here,—
These fruits and spices fine.
Our country yields these twice a year;
Thou hast not such in thine.'

"The Cheshire man soon sought the hold,
 Then brought a Cheshire cheese.
 'You Spanish dog, look here!' said he.
 'You have not such as these.'

"Your land produces twice a year
 Spices and fruits, you say,
 But such as in my hand I bear,
 Our land yields twice a day."

But the best songs of Cheshire go to the music of the river Dee. We have all had our moments of envying its heart-free Miller.

"There was a jolly Miller once
 Lived on the river Dee;
 He worked and sang from morn till night,
 No lark more blithe than he;
 And this the burden of his song
 Forever used to be:
I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

Kingsley's tragic song of

"Mary, go and call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee."

reports too truly the perils of that wide estuary where "Lycidas" was lost. On the corresponding estuary of the Mersey stands Birkenhead, the bustling modern port of Cheshire, but it was at Chester that Milton's college mate had embarked for another haven than the one he reached.

Chester itself is to many an American tourist the old-world city first seen and best remembered. Liverpool and Birkenhead are of today, but Chester, walled, turreted, with its arched gateways, its timber-and-plaster houses, its gables and lattices, its quaint Rows, its cathedral, is the medieval made actual. The city abounds in memories of Romans, Britons, Saxons, of King Alfred who drove out the Danes, of King Edgar who, "toucht with imperious affection of glory," compelled six subject kings to row him up the Dee to St. John's Church, of King Charles who stood with the Mayor on the leads of the wall-tower now called by his name and beheld the defeat of the royal army on Rowton Moor.

As we walked around the walls,—where, as everywhere in the county, the camera sought in vain for a Cheshire cat,—we talked of the brave old city's "strange, eventful history," but if it had been in the power of a wish to recall any one hour of all its past, I would have chosen mine out of some long-faded Whitsuntide, that I might see a Miracle pageant in its medieval sincerity,—the tanners playing the tragedy of Lucifer's fall, perhaps, or the water-carriers the comedy of Noah's flood.

III Staffordshire

This is the Black Country *par excellence*,—a county whose heraldic blazon should be the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. It belongs to the central plain of England, save on the north-east, where the end of the Pennine chain breaks into picturesque highlands. Its gently undulating reaches are still largely given over to agriculture, but the bulk of its population, the most of its energy and wealth, are concentrated in the manufacturing towns that so thickly stud the surface over its two coal-fields. The northern is the last of that long line of coal-measures running down from Lancashire; the southern is much larger, though not so workable, and extends across all South Staffordshire. Both north and south, iron in rich quantities is found with the coal, so that for many years Staffordshire controlled the iron trade of the world. Of late, South Wales and other regions are successfully disputing its supremacy.

We had, in previous visits to England, crossed Staffordshire several times by train, and memory retained an unattractive impression of netted railways, forests of factory chimneys, and grimy miners sweetheating with rough pit-girls under smoke and cinders. If we must enter it now, the occasion seemed propitious for a trial of the automobile,—a mode of conveyance which we had deemed too sacrilegious for the Border and the Lake Country.

Toward ten o'clock on an August morning—for the chauffeur, like our Cheshire coachman, could not be hurried over his "bit of breakfast"—we tucked ourselves and a confiding Shrewsbury lady into a snug motor car, and away we sped through north-eastern Shropshire across the county line. In a gasp or two, the name Eccleshall glimmered through the dust that flew against our goggles. This little town has one of the finest churches in the county, but the frenzy of speed was on us and we tore by. Suddenly we came upon the Trent, winding along, at what struck us as a contemptibly sluggish pace, down Staffordshire on its circuitous route to the Humber. We tooted our horn and honked up its western side to the Potteries. Here the machine suffered an attack of cramps, and while it was groaning and running around in a circle and pawing the air, we had our first opportunity to look about us.

The region known as the Potteries, the chief seat of the earthenware manufactures of England, consists of a strip of densely populated land in this upper basin of the Trent, a strip some ten miles long by two miles broad, whose serried towns and villages give the aspect of one continuous street. Within this narrow district are over three hundred potteries, whose employes number nearly forty thousand, apart from the accessory industries of clay-grinding, bone-grinding, flint-grinding, and the like. It draws on its own beds of coal and iron, but the china-clay comes from Cornwall by way of Runcorn and the Grand Trunk Canal, while for flints it depends on the south coast of England and on France. Genius here is named Josiah Wedgwood. This inventor of fine porcelains, whose "*Queens' ware*" gained him the title of "*Queen's Potter*," was born in 1759 at Burslem, which had been making brown butter-pots as far back as the days of Charles I. When Burslem grew too small for his enterprise, Wedgwood established the pottery village of Etruria, to which the automobile passionately refused to take us. It dashed us into Newcastle-under-Lyme, where we did not particularly want to go, and rushed barking by Stoke-

under-Trent, the capital of the Potteries and also—though we had not breath to mention it—the birthplace of Dinah Mulock Craik. In the last town of the line, Longtown, our machine fairly balked, and the chauffeur with dignity retired under it. A crowd of keen-faced men and children gathered about us, while we ungoggled to observe the endless ranks of house-doors opening into baby peopled passages and, looming through the murky air, the bulging ovens of the china factories. At last our monster snorted on again, wiggling up the hill sideways with a grace peculiar to itself and exciting vain hopes of a wreck in the hearts of our attendant urchins. It must have been the Potteries that disagreed with it, for no sooner were their files of chimneys left behind than it set off at a mad pace for Uttoxeter, on whose outskirts we "alighted," like Royalty, for a wayside luncheon of sandwiches, ale, and dust.

Uttoxeter is no longer the idle little town that Hawthorne found it, when he made pilgrimage thither in honor of Dr. Johnson's penance, for the good Doctor, heart-troubled for fifty years because, in boyhood, he had once refused to serve in his father's stead at the market bookstall, had doomed himself to stand, the whole day long, in the staring market-place, wind and rain beating against his bared grey head, "a central image of Memory and Remorse." Lichfield, Dr. Johnson's native city, commemorates this characteristic act by a bas-relief on the pedestal of the statue standing opposite the three-pillared house where the greatest of her sons was born.

While our chauffeur, resting from his labors under the hedge, genially entertained the abuse of a drunken tramp who was accusing us all of luxury, laziness, and a longing to run down our fellowmen, my thoughts turned wistfully to Lichfield, lying due south, to whose "Queen of English Minsters" we were ashamed to present our modern hipogriff. I remember waking there one autumnal morning, years ago, at the famous old inn of the Swan, and peering from my window to see that wooden bird, directly beneath

it, flapping in a rainy gale. The cathedral rose before the mental vision,—the grace of its three spires; its wonderful west front with tiers of saints and prophets and archangels, “a very *Te Deum* in stone;” the delicate harmonies of color and line within; the glowing windows of the Lady Chapel; the “heaven-loved innocence” of the two little sisters sculptured by Chantry, and his kneeling effigy of a bishop so benignant even in marble that a passing child slipped from her mother’s hand and knelt beside him to say her baby prayers. What books had been shown me there in that quiet library above the chapter-house! I could still recall the richly illuminated manuscript of the “*Canterbury Tales*,” a volume of Dr. South’s sermon with Dr. Johnson’s rough, vigorous pencil-marks all up and down the margins, and, treasure of treasures, an eighth-century manuscript of St. Chad’s Gospels. For this is St. Chad’s cathedral, still his, though the successive churches erected on this site have passed like human generations, each building itself into the next.

St. Chad, hermit and bishop, came from Ireland as an apostle to Mercia in the seventh century. Among his first converts were the king’s two sons, martyred for their faith. Even in these far distant days, his tradition is revered, and on Holy Thursday the choristers of the cathedral still go in procession to St. Chad’s Well, bearing green boughs and chanting. A century or so ago, the well was adorned with bright garlands for this festival. The boy Addison, whose father was Dean of Lichfield, may have gathered daffodils and primroses to give to good St. Chad.

The ancient city has other memories. Farquhar set the scene of his “*Beaux’ Stratagem*” there. Major André knew those shaded walks. In the south transept of the cathedral is the sepulchre of Garrick, whose death, the inscription tells us, “eclipsed the gaiety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.” It may be recalled that Hawthorne found it “really pleasant” to meet Lady Mary Wortley Montague’s tomb in the minster, and

that Scott asserts there to used to be, in "moated Lichfield's lofty pile," a monument to Marmion whose castle stood a few miles to the south-east, at Tamworth.

But the motor-car, full-fed with gasoline, would brook no further pause. As self-important as John Hobs, the famous Tanner of Tamworth whom "not to know was to know nobody," it stormed through Uttoxeter and on, out-smelling the breweries of Burton-on-Trent. Ducks, hens, cats, dogs, babies, the aged and infirm, the halt and the blind scuttled to left and right. Policemen glared out at it from their "motor-traps" in the hedges. A group of small boys sent a rattle of stones against it. Rocester! Only three miles away were the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Croxden. We would have liked to see them, if only to investigate the story that the heart of King John is buried there, for we had never before heard that he had a heart, but while we were voicing our desire, we had already crossed the Dove and whizzed into Derbyshire.

Dovedale was our goal. This beautiful border district of Derby and Staffordshire abounds in literary associations. Near Ilam Hall, whose grounds are said to have suggested to Dr. Johnson the "happy valley" in "Rasselas," and in whose grotto Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor," stands the famous Isaak Walton Inn. The patron saint of the region is the Gentle Angler, who in these "flowery meads" and by these "crystal streams" loved to

"see a black-bird feed her young,
Or a laverock build her nest."

Here he would raise his

"low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love."

On a stone at the source of the Dove, and again on the Fishing-House which has stood since 1674 "Piscatoribus sacrum," his initials are interlaced with those of his friend and fellow-fisherman Charles Cotton, the patron sinner of the locality. In Beresford Dale may be found the little cave where this gay and thriftless gentleman, author of the second

part of "The Complete Angler," used to hide from his creditors. At Wootton Hall Jean Jacques Rousseau once resided for over a year, writing on his "Confessions" and amusing himself scattering through Dovedale the seeds of many of the mountain plants of France. In a cottage at Church Mayfield, Moore wrote his "Lalla Rookh," and near Colwich Abbey once stood the house in which Handel composed much of the "Messiah."

We did not see any of these spots. The automobile would none of them. It whisked about giddily half an hour, ramping into the wrong shrines and out again, disconcerting a herd of deer and a pack of young fox-hounds, and then impetuously bolted back to Uttoxeter. There were antiquities all along the way—British barrows, Roman camps, medieval churches, Elizabethan mansions, but the dusty and odoriferous trail of our car was flung impartially over them all.

We shot through Uttoxeter and went whirring on. A glimpse of the hillside ruins of Chartley Castle brought a fleeting sorrow for Mary Queen of Scots. It was one of those many prisons that she knew in the bitter years between Cockermouth and Fotheringay—the years that whitened her bright hair and twisted her with cruel rheumatism. She was harried from Carlisle in Cumberland to Bolton Castle in Yorkshire and thence sent to Tutbury, on the Derby side of the Dove, in custody of the unlucky Earl of Shrewsbury and his keen-eyed, shrewish-tongued dame, Bess of Hardwick. But still the poor queen was shifted from one stronghold to another. Yorkshire meted out to her Elizabeth's harsh hospitality at Sheffield, Warwickshire at Coventry, Leicestershire at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Derbyshire at Wingfield Manor and Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall, even at Buxton, where she was occasionally allowed to go for the baths, and Staffordshire at Tixall and here at Chartley. It was while she was at Chartley, with Sir Amyas Paulet for her jailer, that the famous Babington conspiracy was hatched, and anything but an automobile would have stopped and searched for that

stone wall in which a brewer's boy deposited the incriminating letters, read and copied every one by Walsingham before they reached the captive.

At Weston we jumped the Trent again and pounded on to Stafford, the shoemaker's town, where we came near knocking two bicyclists into a ditch. They were plain-spoken young men and, addressing themselves to the chauffeur, they expressed an unfavorable opinion of his character. Stafford lies halfway between the two coal-fields of the county. Directly south some fifteen miles is Wolverhampton, the capital of the iron manufacturing district. We remembered that Stafford was the birthplace of Isaak Walton, but it was too late to gain access to the old Church of St. Mary's which has his bust in marble and, to boot, the strangest font in England. We climbed the toilsome heights of Stafford Castle for the view it was too dark to see, and then once more delivered ourselves over to the champing monster which spun us back to Shrewsbury through a weird, infernal world flaring with tongues of fire.

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In a number of novels written within the past few years the scenes are laid in Cheshire or Lancashire. Without passing upon the respective merits of these works, the following may be mentioned:

John Ackworth's "The Scowcroft Critics;" Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks' "God's Providence House" and "The Manchester Man;" M. E. Francis' "Maime o' the Corner;" James Marshall Mather's "Lancashire Idylls;" W. B. Westfall's "The Old Factory."



John Burns and His Problems*

By John Graham Brooks

FROM a humble machinist to a cabinet minister is the history of John Burns. With the miner John Wilson, I met Burns at a fateful date in his career. It was the Industrial Remuneration Conference in 1885 which brought together in London a noteworthy list of English statesmen, scholars, economists, and industrial magnates.

It was an honest attempt to throw light on social and industrial questions by an organized discussion on a scale that never had been attempted. I had known nothing of the coming man except that he had turned socialist. No figure at the conference attracted me like his. There was a luminous intensity in those grave dark eyes that held me with extraordinary fascination. Neither did his talk fall below the expectation which this appearance excited. He had already seen the difficulties in becoming a revolutionary socialist after the Marx type. His practical English sense saved him from this. He was nevertheless ardently socialistic and hotly impatient of all conventional reforms. It was the issue that brought him to the front at that conference. The day following my talk with him, I went with Frederic Harrison to the hall where he, with Sir Charles

*This is the second in a series of studies of famous Englishmen which will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN during the months from December to May. The complete list comprises Charles Darwin, by Prof. John M. Coulter, December; John Burns, the English labor leader, by Mr. John Graham Brooks, January; Dean Stanley, the noted Churchman, by Bishop Williams of Michigan; William E. Gladstone, by Mr. John Graham Brooks; Dr. Jowett, the famous Greek scholar, by Prof. Paul Shorey; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, by Prof. Cecil F. Lavell.

Dilke and Arthur Balfour, were to read papers. Harrison's contribution was a brilliant plea, in the Positivist spirit, to seek a remedy for social disorders in moralizing the well-to-do classes.

All the fire in the young socialist was kindled by this address. I can still hear the fine scorn in his rich voice as he repeated the phrase, "Moralize the rich! Moralize capital! Can you moralize the lion about to devour the lamb? Can you moralize Sir Thomas Brassey out of his yacht?" Directly in front of me sat a lady wearing a delicately plumed hat of latest fashion. As this last phrase hissed at the audience, all the plumage of this costly head-gear shook with emotion, doubtless of merriment. A friend whispered to me, "That is Lady Brassey." Nor was it the hat alone which bent before this orator. From the first sentence he held the audience like a harp on which he played at will. From that hour John Burns was a new figure before the English public. Quite apart from his special views, he was seen to possess both power and rare intelligence.

I note this incident because it was also a kind of turning point in his career. With the exception of his speech from the dock defending himself against the charge of rioting in Trafalgar Square, I doubt if he ever made a more effective appeal. He had a singular gift of detaching himself from his subject as if he were there to defend a cause, as his Trafalgar Square speech was a plea for the unemployed rather than for himself. If this was art, it was concealed as only a great artist could do it.

From this time on, either in Battersea or London, Burns was the bearer of heavy and definite responsibilities. His long service on committees for the unemployed subjected his practical energy to the severest tests. Here, too, began the discipline which taught him the great lessons which he has learned so well. He knows that socialism is politics—that the game can be played effectively only through political action. He learned, too, that politics is compromise and cannot win apart from those concessions which are anathema

to the doctrinaire socialist. In 1889 he took his seat in the London County Council and in the following summer led the famous Dock Strike with a success which made him the most popular man in that great city among two millions of people. It was doubtless owing to the extreme temperance of his daily life—touching neither tobacco nor liquors—that he was enabled to meet the terrible strain of that long contest.

In the County Council he began at once to fight for a "living wage" and shortened hours of labor. He insisted that all contractors working for the Council should be forced to recognize this higher standard of labor. "We will have no employer working for the city who does not deal with labor up to the standard of wages and hours that we fix." Note that John Burns will also "moralize the employer" as well as Mr. Harrison. The socialist will not, however, wait for persuasion or appeals to conscience. He will fix his higher standard by compulsion and enforce it with legal penalties.

That a city should do its own housekeeping directly instead of through contractors, as we do in our own cities sounds harmless enough. We let contractors bid against each other or form a ring and *pretend* to bid against each other. When the contract for sewer, schoolhouse, or city hall is secured, then the employer may hire whom he will at any price. Against this John Burns has set his face like flint. For nothing has he striven harder than to eliminate the private contractor and have the County Council hire its own labor with hours and wages fixed, not by competition, but by a "standard of income and of leisure which makes possible a decent family life."

This principle is strictly socialistic in the sense that it aims to make the city take profits rather than the individual employer. Thus the city must own the cars upon the streets and the boats upon the Thames. Gas, water and telephone are to pass from private to public hands and indeed innu-

merable activities hitherto in control of private persons and private corporations.

It is with this socialistic policy that we instinctively connect the name of John Burns. When he was elected to Parliament in 1892, he straightway began to urge the same policy upon the general government. He was as instantly a recognized power in Parliament as he was in the County Council. It was noted that he spoke but rarely and never without such care in preparation of his matter as to win the ear and respect of the entire house. He is to be sharply distinguished from the mere orator in this, that he always has in hand specific practical proposals for which he takes his full share of responsibility.

When first in Parliament his penetrating study of evils in the War Office at once won the respect of his present chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "Burns talks with the best of them, but he also *acts* with the best of them," was the praise he won. At this point we find him absorbed in the full active program of patient, step-by-step reforms, sanitation, decent tenements, changes in the prisons, employers' liability for accidents, dangerous trades, which the impatient and undisciplined socialist scornfully writes down as "plasters for wooden legs."

It is at this time, too, that one hears many of the old followers sound a critical and even contemptuous note against the "Idol of Tower Hill." I was in London at the end of Burns' first year in Parliament. Asking one of Burns' socialistic co-workers, I was amazed to hear him say, "Oh, John is sold out. He has become a fakir with the worst of them." I hasten to say that this was as unjust as it was untrue. I record it because it marks a tragic element inseparable from such a career. Hundreds of English socialists have the same bitter words on their lips.

The French socialist Millerand goes as minister into the cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau. He votes three times for measures that are not socialistic, because he has to meet the actual exigencies of party politics. He is called before

the party councils from which he is cast out as a "renegade to the cause." This is of course far more natural on the continent than in England, but even there if John Burns holds his own as a responsible minister without losing the sympathy of the Battersea workingman, two things will be proved: First, that he possesses constructive political talent almost of the highest order; second, that socialism is itself to become a rather commonplace branch of progressive politics.

It is certain that his real test is yet before him. His policy of "municipal trading" is still under judgment. There are features of it bright with promise and others full of doubt. If the policy succeeds, John Burns together with the Webbs will go down among the great names in English reform history.

The other test to which he must submit is separable from the first because of the life-long emphasis which Mr. Burns has put upon it: The question of the unemployed. No government has yet shown the slightest capacity to deal fundamentally and organically with this problem. Especially in England, the causes of out of work are so lost in far-off currents of world traffic that the sources of the trouble can neither be reached nor controlled. The root evil is that there is not work enough of a kind that all can do. Can government *make* it—not temporarily or for some stress in time or place, but as an ordered social policy? John Burns believes this possible. He has only contempt for the ordinary charity methods. Even of farm colonies he writes, "uneconomic, wasteful, in the future, as in the present and past, to be a futile remedy for their workless condition."

However meanly, work is now done because it pays. It is in some degree productive work; earning something beyond its cost. It will be easy to set the workless thousands at tasks which do not pay and which the whole body of tax payers must make good. This we have been doing for centuries. Can this masterful labor leader now employ the idle directly by the state and city and leave no huge deficit

for the public to make good? Can he use the workless to cut streets, restore waste lands, plant forests, build model tenements and avoid the thing he hates, "charity?" If the public has to "make good" it is still failure from the socialist point of view. The task of Hercules was as child's play to this. The probable truth is that society as now organized cannot furnish paying work for its submerged tenth, because these have become too inefficient to reach the paying standard.

It is, however, unfair to create difficulties at this point. The new Minister has made it clear that every national energy is to be directed toward a popular technical and scientific education that shall become a part of the whole English discipline, "leaving no coming child without a training that shall fit it fully for the new standards of our time." If any society can rise to this thought of universal compulsory education that shall leave every child under its influence until the seventeenth year, what a host of baffling difficulties would vanish! Child labor, much that is worst in our competition, sweating, the unemployed, one and all would get immeasurable relief. It is thus probably only fair to assume that this dream of "a decently educated race" is part and parcel of the larger plans he has at heart.

I have saved until the last what seems most distinctive and also most promising in his policy. To the inquiry, "What is the greatest political change you have observed in your career?" Gladstone is reported as saying, "The transfer of social questions into politics." It is to deepen and complete this change that Burns will give his full strength. With the stately succession of English statesmen, we instinctively connect the great strategy of foreign diplomacy. Bright, Cobden, Gladstone set themselves in their different ways against the dominance of these world issues, trying to fix the attention more and more upon the social and industrial needs of England. All that Burns has been and may become will be identified with this home politics: sanitation, adequate housing, reform of the poor laws, the unemployed,

hours and conditions of labor, education provisions and criminal procedure, agriculture, more equal taxes, are illustrations of the new "social politics."

It is perhaps less known that this "leader of mobs," as he was called in the eighties, lays the noblest stress upon definite moral responsibilities. As a preacher of temperance in its larger sense, he has few peers in England. Listen to recent words of his. Our foes, he says, "are not external, but of our own household. In our wasteful government, our boastful policies, our riotous appetites, our disregard of the warning of other times lie our distresses. In war, drink, betting, gambling we must seek the real cause for any difficulty there may be in our industrial instincts, physical endurance, mechanical ability, or consuming capacity. Let us repress our vices, chasten our lusts, discipline our pleasures, exalt our thoughts, and elevate to the greatest height of public approval the maker of things, the producer of wealth, whose place is now unworthily occupied by the financier, speculator and plutocrat. Let us give to the arts of peaceful industry what for ten years have been given to the disturbance of the world's peace and the shaking of our credit, and if not checked, the frittering away in vainglorious policies, the fine fettle of the best productive forces of the greatest industrial people of the world."

This was not fustian. It is the straight opinion of one who has practiced it before men in his daily life.

To set the spirit of this noble sobriety as an ideal before the workingmen of England—to embody it politically in the larger life of the country may fairly be written down as the aim of "honest John Burns."

REVIEW QUESTIONS: THE READING JOURNEY

1. What are the striking characteristics of Liverpool? 2. How does Manchester contrast with Liverpool? 3. What famous inventors are the heroes of this region? 4. How do Northern and Southern Lancashire differ? 5. What are the associations of Peel Castle? 6. What is the history of Furness Abbey? 7. What points of interest lie near to Furness? 8. What is the present state of

Swarthmoor Hall? 9. What relations had Judge Fell with the Quakers? 10. What unsavory memories cluster about Pendle Hill? 11. What has been the history of Stonyhurst? 12. What treasures does it contain? 13. What is the story of the Abbot of Whalley? 14. What is the story of the legend of the Spanish Lady? 15. For what service is Mrs. Gaskell remembered? 16. What are the industries of Cheshire? 17. What distinctive features has Chester? 18. Who is the most famous of the Staffordshire potters? 19. What was Dr. Johnson's penance? 20. Who was St. Chad? 21. What varied associations has Lichfield? 22. What memories cluster about Dovedale?

REVIEW QUESTIONS: JOHN BURNS.

1. Describe Mr. Burns' appearance at the Conference in 1885. 2. When did he become a member of the London County Council? 3. What was his relation to the great Dock Strike? 4. How did he begin his fight for the "living wage?" 5. How was this struggle socialistic? 6. What impression did he make upon Parliament? 7. How was the socialist attitude toward him changed? 8. What great questions is he facing at the present time? 9. Why is the question of the unemployed particularly difficult in England? 10. What are some of Burns' theories regarding this question? 11. What educational conditions might have influence upon the situation? 12. What are some of the questions which enter into the new "social politics?" 13. What does Burns say are the "foes" of England?

SEARCH QUESTIONS

1. Who was James Martineau? 2. What was the Massacre of Peterloo? 3. What poem commemorates the fate of Lycidas? 4. Who are the Rochdale Pioneers? 5. Of what famous poems was Mrs. Hemans the author? 6. Who was Rossetti? 7. Why is Bishop Heber very widely known? 8. Who was "The Cheshire Cat?" 9. Who was Karl Marx? 10. What views are held by the Positivists? 11. Of what books is Frederic Harrison the author? 12. For what is Sir Thomas Brassey's yacht famous? 13. Who are the Webbs? 14. What was the cause of the Dock Strike of 1890?

End of February Required Reading, pages 145-205.



The Stage for Which Shakespeare Wrote

V. The Staging of "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet"

By Carl H. Grabo

IN our brief study of stage conditions in Shakespeare's time some examination of typical plays is necessary to familiarize us with practical problems of stage management. Such detailed investigation can of course be interesting and enlightening only as we endeavor to visualize each situation of the play as suggested by the lines and by the meager stage directions. Comment upon the course of action cannot determine the staging as actually presented for the reason that several explanations are often possible in our insufficient knowledge of stage conditions. To raise a problem is, however, valuable exercise, for it puts dramatic technique at once upon its matter-of-fact material basis and disabuses us of critical affectations. We shall cease to talk of "inspiration." Instead we shall see practical difficulties as met by a practical playwright. Perhaps the differences of meaning suggested by the terms "playwright" and "dramatist" will serve to make our purpose clear. We shall here put the emphasis upon Shakespeare the playwright.

For our study the earliest editions of the plays selected, "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet," will be used. Editors subsequent to Shakespeare have introduced directions which are useful under modern stage conditions but which give a perverted notion of the stage presentations as managed by Shakespeare himself. Our purpose will be to visualize the production of the two plays under conditions peculiar to the Elizabethan stage.

"Macbeth" was first printed in the Folio edition of Shakespeare published in 1623 by Heminge and Condell, two actors who had been associated with Shakespeare in

the management of the Globe theater and who had access to the manuscript copies of his plays. These acting versions were the property of the Globe and their publication in full was a somewhat unusual action at a time when plays were but seldom considered as literature worthy of preservation. The publication of the plays is therefore excellent testimony to the widespread and continued interest of the public in Shakespeare and his work.

It is an interesting fact to be noted in an examination of the First Folio that act and scene divisions are indicated in some plays and in others are not. As a matter of stage management such division was seemingly of no importance and when indicated in the Folio it was probably out of deference to readers who may be supposed to have had some acquaintance with classical productions. There seems to be no attempt at uniformity, however.

"Macbeth" in the Folio of 1623 is divided into acts and scenes as in modern editions, but whereas modern editors attempt to define the location of each scene, in the First Folio no such attempt is made. The scene of action was the stage—not a "desert place" or Macbeth's castle. Where such accurate location is essential sufficient indication is supplied by the lines of the play.

An Act I, and scene 1, the direction reads *Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches*. It would be interesting to know the methods by which thunder and lightning were indicated, but aside from this, the scene is of no interest from the point of view of stage setting. No properties seem to be required, nor is any particular location supposed.

Scene 2 bears the heading *Alarum within*, meaning within the tiring house at the rear of the stage. Thereupon enter Duncan and his nobles with the bleeding sergeant, or as the Folio reads, "Captain." Scene 3, with the direction *Thunder* reintroduces the witches and from the prophetic remark of the first scene we assume the place to be a heath. To them enter Macbeth and Banquo to hear the fatal and misleading prophecy of greatness. Without indication of any

change follows scene 4 between Duncan, his nobles, and Macbeth and Banquo. No stage properties seem to be required and we may suppose the action to move rapidly upon the front stage.

Scene 5 bears the simple direction *Enter* Macbeth's wife *reading a letter*. No particular location is necessary though we may assume the place to be Macbeth's castle. The following scene which bears the direction *Hautboys and torches* evidently suggests evening for otherwise the torches would be unnecessary. Yet it cannot be very dark for Duncan comments upon the beautiful situation of the castle beloved of the "temple-haunting martlet." The discussion serves to locate the scene with accuracy. Duncan and his train are evidently before the castle of Macbeth. At the conclusion of the scene Lady Macbeth conducts Duncan into the castle and during the next few scenes we may assume the front and back stage to represent parts of the castle, the exact situation to be determined as occasion demands.

The determination of scene is illustrated in an interesting manner by the stage direction introducing the fatal dialogue of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth which leads to the murder. The direction reads: *Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.* The purpose of this direction is, obviously, to set both the time and the place of the action. Dinner is about to be served in the banqueting hall. Duncan and his retinue have retired for the time being and in the interval Macbeth wrestles once more with himself before deciding upon the murder.

Act II, scene 1, has the direction *Enter* Banquo and Fleance, *with a torch before him*, implying a night scene. From the lines we infer that Banquo is preparing for bed. We do not assume a bed chamber scene, however, for Banquo, shortly after the entrance of Macbeth, retires. Macbeth delivers a gloomy soliloquy and makes his exit upon the ringing of a bell. By the simplest of stage management we get the effect of ominous quiet, in the castle, at some late hour

of the night. The succession of monologues and dialogues free from all bustle serves to convey the desired impression. We need no stage setting whatsoever nor any accurate location of scene other than the lines supply.

Upon the magnificent dialogue of Macbeth with Lady Macbeth intrudes the direction *Knocks within*. The actors make their exit after Lady Macbeth has in a line made the location of the scene particularly accurate:

"I hear a knocking
At the south entry."

The following scene introduces the Porter who serves a double dramatic purpose. First of all he relieves the gloom of the preceding scene and creates a lull which is admirable preparation for the rapid and dramatic scene which ensues. In the second place his monologue serves to give the illusion of elapsed time. Upon the entrance of Macbeth to Lennox we may understand by the line "Good morrow, noble sir," that the day has come, and feel that sufficient time has elapsed to make the greeting plausible. In the stage management of the Porter's scene nothing is required but the knocking at the stage door. Modern editions bear the direction *Open the gate*, at the conclusion of the soliloquy, but this is not to be found in the Folio.

The bustle attendant upon the conclusion of the scene is well conveyed by the frequent exits and entrances of the numerous characters. Lady Macbeth faints and, we may assume, is carried out, although the direction is not in the Folio. Scene 4 between Ross and an Old Man and Macduff has no definite setting. It serves to forward the action of the play by summarizing events, and creates, like the Porter's scene, the impression of elapsed time.

During the two acts which we have so far considered we have found no necessity for any stage setting or use of the back stage or balcony. Rapid movement and accurate lines have sufficed to create the desired illusion. Our interest is focussed upon the narrative of the play.

The first three scenes of Act III may likewise be pre-

sented upon the front stage without the aid of scenery. But with scene 4 we demand some accessories. We may readily assume that the back stage has been set with the banqueting table and that the curtain is drawn as the scene opens. The direction reads simply *A banquet prepared.* Chairs about the table are required, for Macbeth invites his guests to be seated and a little later the ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth's place. Incidentally the dialogue with the murderer indicates a possible bit of stage business in the scene preceding. The murderer states that Banquo lies "safe in a ditch." It is possible, therefore, that Banquo when killed was thrown into the trap, thus clearing the stage.

Scene 5 returns again to the heath we may assume, for the direction reads, *Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.* Later a stage direction reads *Music and a song within*, indicating music within the tiring house doors. Scene 6, again, has no definite location, and we advance to the more elaborate scene which introduces Act IV.

The earlier scenes of the weird sisters do not seem to have required any stage apparatus. In this scene, however, considerable mechanism seems to be essential. A caldron, with perhaps a fire under it, is demanded, first of all; then some arrangement by which the apparitions appear and *descend* as the direction reads. For this latter a trap door in the stage would suffice if well managed. The apparitions might appear from the rear of the stage and descend in turn upon the mechanism contrived. More plausibly they appeared through the stage trap and descended in the same way. Between each descent and apparition there is an interval which would allow of any necessary preparation of the apparatus. The last *show of eight kings* must however, have appeared from the rear of the stage. It is hardly possible that the trap could have cared for so many and it is to be noted that there is no mention of the manner of exit. Probably the "show" merely filed in one entrance and out another. We shall not be far wrong, therefore, if we assign this scene to the back stage, convenient of ac-

cess to the various apparitions. Moreover the removal of the mechanism as far as possible from the audience would tend to minimize disturbing imperfections in its operation. And lastly, it is not an impossible surmise that the direction *The Witches dance, and then vanish* means that the draw curtain was pulled quickly leaving Macbeth standing before it staring at nothing.

Act V presents a number of short active scenes none of which seems to demand any stage furnishings. Presumably they all occur on the front stage. They require little individual comment, but collectively they are an interesting evidence of the skill with which Shakespeare's plays were adapted to the stage conditions of his time. The rapid alternation of opposite forces, the bustle and noise, all aid in creating an atmosphere of war and discord. A modern presentation with a drop curtain between the scenes would destroy the flow of the action. Staged after the Shakespearean manner they would be highly effective.

A stage direction which appears in the last scene of the play in the First Folio is of interest here. At the point where Macbeth and Macduff make their exit fighting the Folio appends the direction *Enter fighting and Macbeth slain*. This is not copied by modern editors. If the direction is accurate it involves us in some trouble, for if Macbeth is slain upon the stage his body must be removed by Macduff, who appears shortly after with Macbeth's head. There is no mention in the Folio of such a disposition of the body.

"Macbeth" is perhaps not such an interesting problem in stage management as is "Romeo and Juliet," which we shall discuss next. But the gain in effectiveness made possible by unlocated scenes free from stage properties, and of freedom from waits between acts and scenes must be apparent to all. A little judicious stage management would in two instances have permitted the play to proceed without any delays whatsoever. This desired result could have been obtained by the simple use of a back stage curtained off from the front stage. In the majority of instances there was,

however, no division at all between the parts of the stage. The entire stage became merely one place and the audience relied upon the lines of the play for a more definite direction whenever such a direction was necessary.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The study of the stage problems incident upon the presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" is complicated by the quarto editions of the play published many years before the Folio. The First Quarto published in 1597 was probably a pirated edition based upon notes taken by a reporter at public performances of the play. The text is very imperfect, but the stage directions are interesting from the fact that the reporter probably noted the stage mechanism in actual operation. The Second Quarto, much more complete in text and stage directions, was published in 1599. The play was also included in the Folio of 1623.

In neither the Quartos nor the Folio is there any division into acts and scenes. The action of the play proceeds uninterruptedly. Exact location of scene is, as in "Macbeth," indicated by the lines of the play, although stage properties have in this case an important part.

The first three scenes of the first act as divided in modern editions proceed upon the front stage. They require no accessories nor do they need to be accurately located. The entry of the masquers in scene 4, accompanied by torches indicates a night scene but again no properties are demanded.

Scene 5 introduces the device previously noted in "Macbeth." The stage direction in the Second Quarto and the Folio reads *Servingmen come forth with napkins*. There is some talk of shifting stools and a cupboard but how complete the furnishings are we are unable to say. The introduction of the servants provides admirably for any necessary changes in the setting of the stage. It serves also to suggest an interior scene and preparation for some festivity, and upon the appearance of Capulet as host we are sure of the exact location. Capulet calls for music and the

THE
M O S T E X-
cellent and lamentable
Tragedie, of Romeo
and Juliet.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended:*

As it hath bene sundry times publicquely acted, by the
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his Servants.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to
be sold at his shop neare the Exchange.

1599.

stage direction reads *music plays and they dance*. Then follow the lines addressed by Capulet to the servants:

"More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room has grown too hot."

How many of these accessories were upon the stage we cannot say. It is possible that the lines suffice, but tables at least would seem to be at hand, and, as the scene was at night, torches, also.

Act II introduces some interesting problems. Benvolio pursuing Romeo says,

"He ran this way and leaped this orchard wall."

There is no direction in the Quartos or Folio which implies the existence of a wall though modern editions bear the direction *He climbs the wall and leaps down within it*. I incline to the belief that there was no stage property indicating a wall. A not unreasonable explanation is that Romeo vaulted the low railing which the "Roxana" cut shows to have surrounded the stage. Such a mingling of actors with the audience is not without precedent. This action together with the lines would serve as well as a more realistic representation.

Upon the exit of Benvolio Romeo reappears and says,
"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"

This we may take to be in the balcony above the back stage. Juliet's chamber we may suppose to be behind the balcony and the balcony itself to serve literally as a balcony or as a window to the chamber. Romeo stands below in the ensuing dialogue. We can hardly imagine the front stage representing a garden as described by Romeo. No attempt at staging was in all probability made, and the lines were left to do their work unaided:

"Lady by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

Succeeding scenes offer little of interest until the death of Mercutio and Tybalt in Act III, scene i. Mercutio it is to be observed is assisted from the stage mortally wounded. The Prince says later of Tybalt, "Bear hence

this body." Both instances occur naturally enough yet their purpose is merely to clear the stage. They have no dramatic significance.

Scene 5 of Act III bears in the First Quarto the direction *Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window*. In the Second Quarto and the Folio the direction reads, *Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft*. From both directions we infer obviously that the scene is in the balcony which represents Juliet's chamber. This is confirmed by two directions which appear in the First Quarto, but which do not appear in the Second Quarto or the Folio. The first of these relating to the Nurse is *She goeth down from the window*. This is followed a few lines later by a direction concerning Romeo. *He goeth down*. The question of the means of descent arises. Should Romeo descend by some stair within the room at the rear of the balcony he would be momentarily out of sight of the audience and the illusion of place would be somewhat shattered. A simple explanation is that Romeo uses the ladder of cords mentioned previously. There is no direction to this effect, however, and we have simply to take it for granted. The Nurse presumably makes her exit at the rear, unseen.

No change in this scene is indicated after the departure of Romeo. We must therefore assume that the remainder of the action continues in Juliet's chamber represented by the balcony above the stage.

Scenes 1 and 2 of Act IV are presumably front stage scenes. With scene 3 a problem arises. The place is obviously Juliet's chamber but it is not certain that the balcony is here used. The back stage may be used instead, for the concluding direction reads, *She falls upon her bed within the curtains*. That this means the curtain before the back stage is not, of course, clear. The curtains may have been merely the curtains to the bed and the bed itself may have been either upon the back stage or in the balcony. A possible stage arrangement can be figured out for both cases though neither is susceptible of absolute proof. In the First

*The most lamentable Tragedie**Enter Will Kemp.*

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O. and you will haue me hue, play harts ease.

Fiddler. Why harts ease?

Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is
O play me some merie dump to comfort me. (full:

Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

Minst. No.

Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.

Minst. What will you giue vs?

Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.

Minstrell. Then will I giue you the Serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your
I will eare no Crochets, ile re you, ile fa (pate.
You, do you note me?

Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.

2. M. Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my
*Answe*re me like men. (yron dagger.
When griping grieves the hart doth wound, then musique with
her siluer sound.

Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say
you Simon Catling?

Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?

2. M. I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.

Peter. Prates to, what say you James sound poft?

3. M. Faith I know not what to say.

Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer.
I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth.
I lend redresse.

Exit.

Quarto a later direction not to be found in succeeding editions states, *They all but the Nurse go forth, casting rosemary on her and shutting the curtains.* This would seem to confirm the theory of a back stage scene. Further confirmation is to be found in the entrance of Peter to the musicians at the end of the scene. The humorous dialogue which ensues, presumably on the front stage, permits alterations to be made on the back stage before the first scene of Act V which probably requires the use of the back stage when Romeo summons the apothecary forth. Although the stage management of this scene cannot be positively determined, it is necessary to call attention to the problems involved.

A misprint in the Second Quarto where the usual direction reads, *Enter Peter*, casts an interesting sidelight upon the stage of the time. The misprinted direction reads *Enter Will Kemp*. Will Kemp was a popular comedian in his day and his identification with the part of Peter seems to have been peculiarly complete. Further light upon his fortunes appears in a stage direction in Scene 2 of Act V as printed in the Second Quarto. The direction should read *Enter Romeo and Balthazar*. The direction here reads *Enter Romeo and Peter*. The popular Will Kemp it would seem played a dual role as Balthazar and Peter. The compositor apparently set up either name or the name of the actor himself as the humor seized him.

This seemingly small point is of interest to us in our study of Shakespeare's plays. As a practical dramatist Shakespeare desired to suit his plays to existing conditions, to the actors and equipment at his command. A popular comedian on the staff must find some role even in a tragedy, and for him, presumably, Shakespeare created some of his humorous scenes. The inside dramatic history of the Globe theater and its company might shed much interesting light upon such personal factors which modified Shakespeare's dramatic technique. We must admit, however, that Shakespeare made good use of what, to an inferior dramatist, might have proved embarrassing hindrances.

Act V presents no difficulties of staging until the third scene. Paris then enters *bearing flowers*, and as Quarto 1 adds, *sweet water*. A few lines further Paris says:

"Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew."

At this point the First Quarto bears the direction, Paris *strews the tomb with flowers*. This specific statement and the mention of tombs in Henslowe's Diary is convincing proof of the existence of a stage property of some pretensions. Its exact form and size we cannot determine but it obviously was large enough to contain Juliet's bier. It was we should think upon the back stage, for the preceding scene between Friars John and Lawrence was probably upon the front stage. During the course of this not very important dialogue, the tomb and accessories might have been put in position upon the back stage. Our alternative explanation is that the tomb was brought on openly between the scenes. Because of the probable size of the tomb and likewise because of the fact that it contains Juliet this hypothesis seems unsound. But though placed upon the back stage the tomb when broken open by Romeo must have been so constructed as to reveal Juliet to all the spectators, for Romeo dies beside her and she, when she awakes and stabs herself, is within the tomb still.

Upon the death of Juliet we find no further stage problem which needs to be discussed. No additional properties are required and the action is presumably upon the combined front and back stages.

All readers of Shakespeare who study each scene as a definite problem in practical stage management will perceive the necessity of some such examination as we have attempted. There may well be variety of interpretation. Provided that the reader understands the problem involved such diversity of explanation is of secondary importance.

In the next and last article we shall endeavor to point out the effect of Elizabethan stage conditions upon Shakespeare's dramatic method. Our discussion cannot be exhaustive, but several general conclusions may be drawn.

The Camp of the Unemployed at Levenshulme, Manchester

By Katharine Coman

Professor of Economics, Wellesley College.

SINCE the bloody comedy of Peterloo, Manchester has been the center of working-class discontent in England. The cotton factories and allied industries have brought together here at the junction of the Irk and the Irwell a population of one million souls dependent, directly or indirectly, on an industry whose prosperity hinges on the price of its raw material. Two years ago Daniel Sully's cotton corner brought the price of cotton-wool up to famine rates, and the industry was prostrated. Richard Howarth of the Ordsall mills, "young Master Richard," went to America and bought his cotton supply in advance of the boom and so kept his spindles going; but most of the mills in the district shut down or ran only three days a week throughout the summer, and thousands of men and women were thrown out of employment. Times are better now. All the mills are running at full speed and most of the operatives find employment; but the aftermath of such slack seasons is always serious. Not every man thrown out of work was restored to his groove in the industrial mechanism. Depression in other lines, notably in the building trades has added to the wreckage. Begging is not permitted in Manchester, and the hundred more or less apparent frauds by which the London poor filch pennies from the wayfarer, are not practiced. The local committee operating under the Unemployed Workmen's Act has provided for a few hundreds only—not half the men and women applying for aid. Many artisans' families have been slowly eating into their little savings bank accounts for two years past and now find themselves perilously near the verge of ruin.

Early in July a dozen such men, under the lead of Arthur

Smith, an unskilled laborer and secretary of the Unemployed Aid Society, started a settlement for the unemployed on unused glebe land belonging to Holy Trinity, Levenshulme. The object was not so much to provide work for needy men as to demonstrate the natural connection between idle soil and idle labor. Under similar auspices other experiments were soon after undertaken. The unemployed of West Ham took possession of vacant town land at Playstow in East London. The men of Bradford seized a field belonging to the Midland Railroad Company. The settlers were avowed socialists, and property-owners became concerned lest the example prove contagious. The rector of Holy Trinity, Rev. H. A. Hudson, who at first had been inclined to allow the experiment to proceed, under suitable auspices, now put in a formal protest and secured an injunction forbidding the three leaders, Arthur Smith, A. S. Gray and "Captain" Williams, from trespassing on the glebe land. The men thus enjoined withdrew and went to Bradford, new leaders were appointed, new men were taken in, and the encampment continued in full force.

Levenshulme is a working-class quarter of Manchester about twenty minutes by tram from Albert Square. It is a region of small dwellings and provision shops, notably clean and tidy and quite free from slums. The guard of the street car grinned when we asked for the unemployed camp, but good-naturedly pointed out Matthews Lane. The well set-up employee of a corporation tram-line had little sympathy for the under dog. He was going home to a six o'clock supper and had no quarrel with the social order. At the end of the lane we came upon a square of open ground, surrounded on four sides by trim brick cottages, each with its plot of flower beds. A placard announced rentals with garden allotment at 5s., 6s., and 7s. per week—selling prices from £250 to £500. On the farther half of the green some boys were playing cricket. The camp stood in the foreground, a striking contrast to this characteristic English setting. Two turf-built enclosures about twenty feet square

and four feet high, each with a tent in the center, furnished shelter; the smoke curling up from an open-air fire place suggested food. It looked amazingly like a miner's hut at Cripple Creek or an adobe corral on the plains. There was however, no conscious imitation. The men had simply made use of the material at hand. Lacking lumber or bricks and mortar, they had taken up the sod and built a substantial wall. One of the tents was carpeted with straw for bedding. The other was furnished with chairs, tables and simple cooking utensils. A square rod or so of land had been spaded up and planted to cabbages. These were apparently growing apace, but they could be of no immediate use. My suggestion that lettuce and radishes would have been ready for market and a source of income, was received with mild surprise. The camp has subsisted off the contributions of friends and visitors and the sale of the inevitable picture postal cards.

The leader, Chadwick, was a tall large-boned man with dreamy grey eyes, suggestive of Irish antecedents. In answer to my questions he said that he was a cementer thrown out of work by the collapse of the building trades. It was not true that the campers were vagabonds or unemployables. Forty-two men had left to take up good jobs since the camp was opened. A gentleman who came last week and asked for three laborers was supplied, somewhat to his own annoyance, for he had expected to prove that the unemployed did not want work. Chadwick supposed that the injunction would be served on him next; but "it couldn't hurt," and another man would take his place. "You see," chimed in a pale little man with the rapt face of a devotee, "we're bound to show people that something ought to be done. The real unemployed hide away in quiet, and you know only the loafers, tramps and beggars. We are all likely to end so, God knows, if things go on as they are. Two years ago when the council wouldn't believe his statement that there were ten thousand unemployed in Manchester, the mayor had an enquiry made and they found fifteen thousand, but nothing came of that. Ten thousand Manchester men volunteered for the South African war,

and the medical inspectors rejected nine thousand of them for physical incapacity. They had defective eyesight or weak chests or flat feet and were not up to a ten-mile march under arms. The same thing happened in every factory town in England. Then the government ordered an investigation, and the commissioners discovered, what we had known all along, that the child of the twenty shilling a week workman is underfed. At six years of age he begins to show signs of deterioration. At fourteen years he is two inches shorter than a well-fed boy, stoop-shouldered and thin-blooded as well. Bobbin-doffing requires all the endurance he possesses, but he gets no better food and quickly uses up his little stock of surplus energy. At eighteen he is turned out of the spinning-mill disqualified for any trade. He becomes a 'corner man' living nobody knows how, until he is taken up for disturbing the peace. One way or another, he's sure to come upon the rates before he dies. Suppose the poor man's son has the luck to escape the factory and learn a trade. He gets living wages for twenty or thirty years and then he is thrown out. A man of forty-five is useless now-a-days. His job is given to a more likely workman. This has been going on for a hundred years, and it gets worse and worse. We have come to a pass where we can't take it patiently any longer. All we ask now is fair opportunity to earn our own living, and we mean that they shall give us a chance at the land. What do I think of John Burns' speech? I believe he understands. Some of my friends think he knows too well on which side his bread is buttered, but I am ready to trust him. He doesn't care anything for that £2,000 a year. He wants power—power to use for the good of the people among whom he was born. Afforestation and anti-erosion schemes don't go to the root of the matter, true; but John Burns sees beyond that. Every wage-earner will feel the benefit. The men that get government employment will not be hanging about the docks and factory gates. When the boss wants to cut a man's wages he can't say, 'If you don't like it you can leave. A hundred men as good as you are waiting

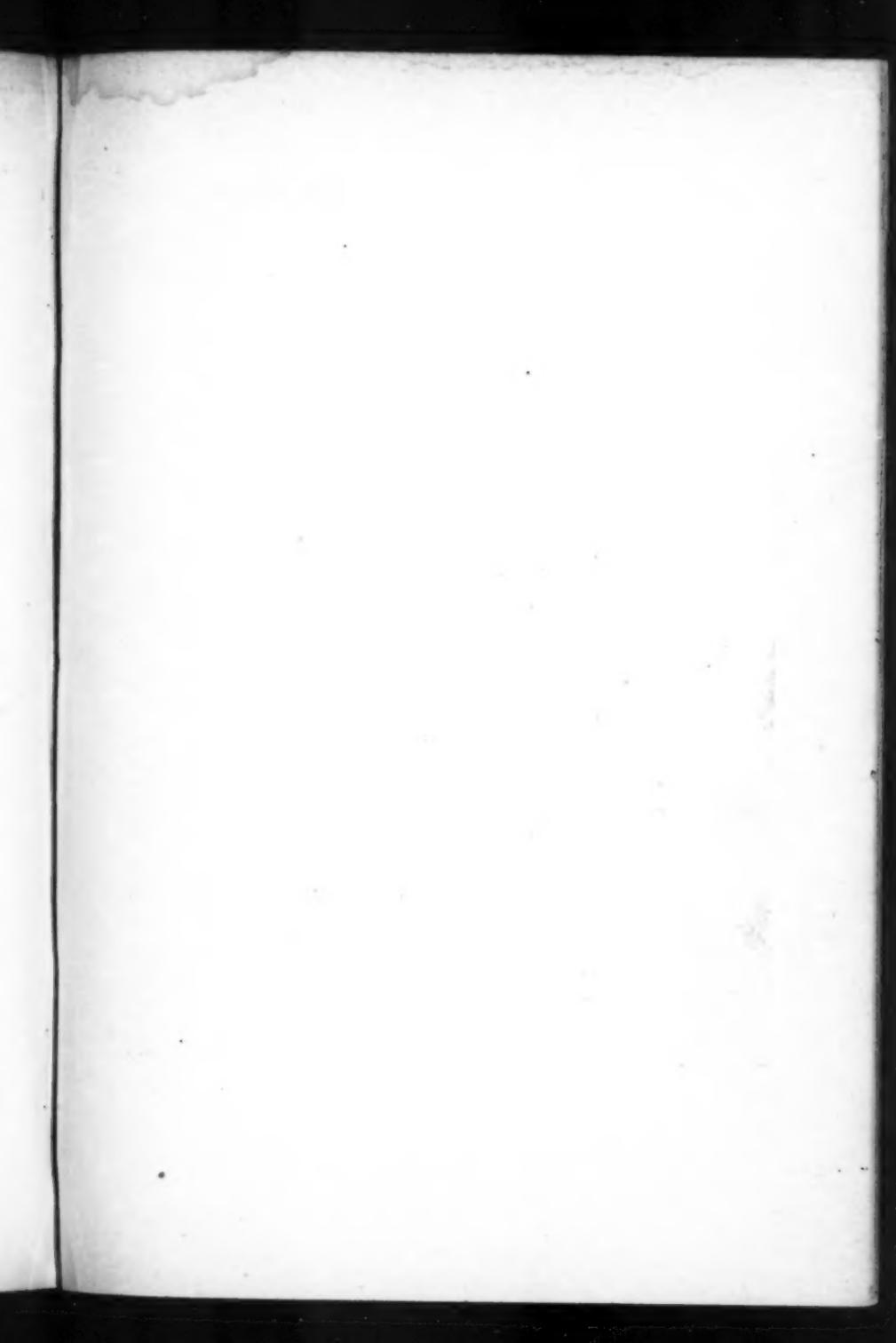
for your job.' The crown lands? Yes. That comes nearer to being what we want. Of course we cannot make a living here," with a sidelong glance at the cabbages, "this is only an argument. We have already brought Lord Carrington to the point of offering a thousand acre tract of crown land at Burwell in ten-acre allotments. They say the government means to put up a cottage for each holding and to lend the men money with which to stock their farms. Let them carry out that plan in good faith and we'll show them we mean what we say."

Supper seemed to be imminent, so we bought our postals and withdrew. As we left the ground a housewife, seated arms akimbo in the doorway of her tiny cottage, called out derisively: "Tak' home one of they cabbages, do. They're so be-e-eautiful?" Her husband removed his pipe to add, "It's a life of pleasure as long as the summer lasts, and I would no moin' takin' it on myself. Next to nothin' to do, and collectin' money for your keep. That's na hardship, is it?" Evidently these prophets of industrial reform have little honor in their country. The British artisan has small sympathy with visionary projects and is prone to gauge success by material achievement. Was it George Eliot who noted that while the French proletarian talked of liberty, fraternity, etc., his English brother organized a trade union for the sake of advancing his wages a shilling a week?

August fifteenth witnessed the eviction of the campers. The Reverend Hudson's solicitor went to the spot accompanied by a squad of policemen, and ordered the men off the land. There was no resistance. Chadwick said only, "I think you might have given us some notice." Twenty minutes sufficed to level the turf walls with the ground and remove the tents and other belongings to the king's highway. Then the cabbages were uprooted and shouting children carried off armfuls of the green stuff to their rabbit huts. The morning's *Guardian* published an open letter from Arthur Smith to the rector of Holy Trinity protesting against forcible eviction as an act of bad faith. "But there will come a day of

reckoning, Sir. Remember your own Scriptures, 'God will not always be mocked.' As for me, the unemployed, and those who work for them, we shall go on until that day comes when 'the land is for the people and the fulness thereof.' The evicted men held a demonstration at Holy Trinity the following Sunday evening when many of the unemployed of Manchester attended the vesper service. This suggests a demonstration held in Boston a dozen years ago when Morrison I. Swift led a band of unemployed to Trinity Church. Indeed, the whole movement savors something of Coxey's army, though it arises from discontent far more deep-seated and abiding than was occasioned by our last financial crisis. The unemployed problem is not peculiar to England, but the chronic difficulty has been aggravated there by a general industrial depression. The cotton famine of four years since, the loss of foreign markets consequent on American and German competition, burdensome taxation entailed by the Boer war and other minor causes have checked business enterprise along many lines and thrown thousands of men and women out of work. The number of *bona fide* laborers now unemployed is estimated at four per cent. of the total industrial army. The figure seems insignificant, but the proportion has steadily increased since 1900, and one twenty-fifth of the would-be wage-earners is never a negligible quantity. Tramps infest the rural districts and in the towns pauperism is everywhere on the increase.

There is no single solution of the problem. Comparatively few of the unemployed could work land to advantage even if put in full possession. The Salvation Army on its farm colonies is endeavoring to fit men for agriculture. The Bureau of Emigration is assisting unemployed artisans to remove to Canada, South Africa, and other British colonies where there is dearth of laborers. The Liberal ministry may adopt John Burns' suggestion and undertake extensive government works for the sake of furnishing employment to superfluous wage-earners. So the supply of labor may be adjusted to the diminished demand.





The Corn-field. By John Constable.

Representative English Paintings

The Corn-field

By W. Bertrand Stevens

[John Constable was born June 11, 1776, at East Bergholt in Suffolk, the son of Golding Constable, a prosperous miller. He entered as a student at the Royal Academy in 1799, exhibited his first picture in 1802, was elected an Associate in 1820, and in 1829 became a full Academician. He died in 1837 and was buried in the old churchyard at Hampstead.]

"The Corn-field," one of the most powerful of John Constable's works, was first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1826. In a letter written by the artist to his friend, Archdeacon Fisher, we have an interesting account of his own feeling in regard to the picture. He said:

I have dispatched a large landscape to the Academy—upright, of the size of "Lock," but a subject of a very different nature; inlaid corn-fields, a close lane forming the foreground, it is not neglected in any part. The trees are more than usually well studied, the extremities well defined as well as the stems. They are shaken by a pleasant and healthful breeze at noon. I am not, however, without my anxieties, though I have not neglected my work or been sparing of my pains.

Constable was thoroughly a painter of nature. In a year spent in his father's mills he acquired habits of close observation which ever afterwards led him to nature herself for his inspiration and not, as was so common at that time to the work of older landscapists. But the keynote of his work is sincerity. The critics and experts of his day spent their time in working out formulae and rules for painting, their ideas being based on "old masters" of whose true value they had absolutely no conception. For all this Constable had a profound contempt which he never hesitated to express. In 1802 he wrote to a friend saying, "There is room for a natural painter, but the great vice is *bravura*, an attempt to do something beyond the truth." He had, nevertheless, a genuine admiration for the older painters and the influence of their work is often marked in his pictures. But on the whole his works are vigorous, original and free from affectation.

Constable was not a creative genius. As Sir Joshua

Reynolds was a powerful interpreter of character, so was John Constable a skilful interpreter of nature. We should carefully distinguish, however, between the interpreting of nature and servile copying. A painter may copy with such fidelity that we stand amazed at his skill and yet feel not the least interest beyond that aroused by the man's cleverness. A landscape should make us feel the spirit of the scene which it represents—not cause us to marvel at the accuracy with which it is rendered. Unlike modern landscape painters Constable gave careful attention to detail but at the same time, he possessed the happy faculty of painting it in such a way as to form a harmonious whole.

We are told that his art is provincial and local and that the range of subjects was narrow. But it is this same "provincialism" that has been the foundation of every great national art. The early Italians devoted themselves to their limited field of religious story-telling with a vigor and persistency that gave us the frescos of the Carmine and of Santa Croce.

It is interesting to compare the treatment of "The Corn-field" with that of "The Slave Ship." Turner loved to paint the sun shining with dazzling brilliancy from out the picture. Constable nearly always worked with the sun over his head, which method gives the restful appearance that his pictures invariably have and which is in such marked contrast to the luminosity of Turner. It accounts in part, also, for the strong lights and shades which we find in "The Corn-field" and which are so suggestive of Giorgione and the Venetians.*

*Richard Parkes Bonington (1801-1828) together with Constable greatly influenced the French School. Bonington lived only twenty-seven years but his accomplishments during that time were remarkable. Constable although thoroughly English, was appreciated by the French because of his originality and his freedom from academic traditions. Bonington, on the other hand, showed no great genius until he came to Paris and the French today are loath to consider him an English painter. At the Paris Salon of 1824 Constable and Bonington were represented and their influence was very strongly felt in the creation of the Barbizon School.

Wordsworth's Poetry : A Personal Experience

By May Tomlinson

Author of "Sound and Motion in Wordsworth's Poetry."

ONE who is doomed by physical weakness to a life of inactivity, shut in from outside interests and pleasures, must find solace in the realm of thought.

In my own experience I have found that when too weak to use head and eyes for a single sentence of prose, too weak even to bear the sound of another's voice in continuous reading, I could follow from the little volume of Wordsworth that lay always on the stand by my bedside, two or three lines or perhaps a whole stanza of some familiar poem, the short lines and stanza grouping making easy the reading, when a single paragraph of prose would have been an impossibility. Thus, certain poems, already familiar, were memorized. "The Daffodils," "Three Years She Grew," the poems to the Cuckoo, "She was a Phantom of Delight," and "Stepping Westward" were among the number—all sweet and wholesome. And what suggestiveness, what food for thought, what pictures for the eye, I found in such lines as these:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills;"

how they helped the tired spirit to burst its bounds,—this body, these walls,—and escape to the hills, the hills!

When a slight gain in strength gave the freedom of the room and made permissible more continued reading, when a larger volume, a complete edition, seemed no longer formidable and unmanageable, I read portions I had read many times before, and portions that were new to me. Many of the sonnets I read then for the first time. No other poet gave me so much pleasure, no other poet was to me so restful. Browning I could not read at all at that time—

the involved construction wearied me; I was not keyed up to the height of Milton's sublimity; even Tennyson's faultless lines did not comfort me. Perfection sometimes wearies one. Certain of Mrs. Browning's shorter poems pleased me, "My Doves," particularly, I remember; but it was to Wordsworth that I turned most often.

Through the long months, during long hours of silence and solitude, such communion had I as could never have been mine in a busy, hurrying life. I would sit by the window at evening time, when the family were down stairs at dinner and the house was still,—would sit by the open window, at the quiet evening hour, and look out upon my stretch of lawn and glimpse of sunset sky, and then the calm of that exquisite evening sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening calm and free," and of that unmatched sunrise sonnet, "Earth hath not anything to show more fair,"—a calm such as only one poet could feel and give expression to,—would sink deep into my heart. All the rebellious thoughts were stilled, all the weak self-pity was shamed, selfish fears were dispelled, despair was turned to hope. And now I can see that from these seemingly wasted years have come a stronger faith, the power to judge less partially, and a truer sense of what is most to be valued.

My first interest in the "Prelude" I attribute to the pleasure that the poet's truthful description gave me. Those portions that tell of the pleasure of childhood and school-time I read with most enjoyment. Long before I came to value the poem as the "story of his spirit," as a revelation of the successive stages of the poet's relationship to nature, an acknowledgment of what he had received from her, a recognition of Nature's discipline and ministry and of all the means whereby the poetic spirit was augmented and sustained,—long before this time, I read with pure enjoyment of those

"Recollected hours that have the charm
Of visionary things,"

of that time of rapture, when

"All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice;"

I delighted in the beauty of those lines which tell of the boy who "blew mimic hootings to the silent owls;" deeply I felt the charm or truth in the passage beginning "One summer evening."

Then, when I had read Wordsworth for the sweet out-of-doors freedom and freshness of his scenes and for the beauty and truthfulness of his descriptions, this first delight ripened into a deeper interest. Some conception of the poet's sensibility to the moods of time and season, to the moral power, the affections and the "spirit of the place," came to me. I began to perceive the peculiar gift of the word-painter,—the ability to reproduce faithfully form and color, life and action, and then to ensoul the picture with a spiritual atmosphere. The two sonnets already mentioned are beautiful examples of Wordsworth's power to reflect the "spirit of the place." The "Elegiac Stanzas," suggested by a picture of Peele Castle, present, perhaps, the most marvelous illustration of Wordsworth's sensitiveness to the spiritual breathings of Nature. Has any other poet possessed this sensitiveness to the same degree?

Wordsworth's power of presenting to the imagination in a few simple words—a line or two it may be—a scene of sublimity and solemn loneliness is deeply impressive. For an example, I give the lines which describe the experience of a geographic worker upon the top of Black Comb:—

"All around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; *total gloom*,
In which he sat alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!"

And here, from the story of the Shepherd of Greenhead Ghyll, is another instance of Wordsworth's power of moving one with a sense of the awesomeness of a lonely scene:—

"He had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists
That came to him, and left him, on the heights."

Other poets, I doubt not, have been quite as impressionable to the sublime in nature, but no other poet has given with the same simplicity of language and manner the thrill that comes when we read of the boy who, trudging home from school, many an evening

"Saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head."*

Certain of Wordsworth's poems have come to be to me like bits of gospel. I value beyond riches the homely pathos of "Michael," the comfort of the "Tintern Abbey Lines," the high tone and noble dignity of the great Ode on Immortality. I need often to read the poem, "Resolution and Independence;" I need its lesson of fortitude and trust. The thought of the Leech-gatherer does for me what, at one time in my life,—when cares weighed heavily and trials and discouragements depressed the spirit, the brave cheer and sunshiny face of a hopeless and helpless invalid did for me. I would come away from her presence ashamed of my weakness, and then, "I could laugh myself to scorn to find in that" afflicted girl "so firm a mind."

The lovely picture of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;"

the exquisite vision of that child of nature, the maiden beautiful in form and face,—beautiful with the stateliness of floating clouds, the grace of bending willows, beautiful with the "beauty born of murmuring sound,"—I treasure among sweet memories. Priceless I deem the God-sent message of the little poem "Expostulation and Reply." Its gospel, alas! is scarcely heard in this hustling age: we do not stop long enough in the race to

"Feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

The magical power of such compositions as the "Peele Cas-

*"The Excursion," Book I.

tle Lines," and the "Ode Composed on an Evening of Extraordinary Splendor," of such sonnets as those beginning, "The World is too much with us," "It is a beauteous evening," "Earth hath not anything to show more fair," "Even as a dragon's eye," "O mountain stream," "Where lies the land to which yon ship must go,"—the magical power of these creations count among those subtle influences that keep alive our sensibilities and enlarge our spiritual sympathies. There are thoughts of Wordsworth that shine in the memory with the splendor and sublimity of stars. We find this star-like virtue in the observation concerning the undying quality of greatness

"There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead;"*

in reference to the statue of Newton, with its prism and silent face,

"The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone;"†

in the verses

"His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."‡

And there are lines that we cherish for their comfort, and because they strengthen our faith and help us to better living. We say to ourselves, when everything goes wrong and all seems against us,—

"The procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."§

*"The Prelude," Book XI.

†"The Prelude," Book III.

‡"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle."

§"The Excursion," Book IV.

The Vesper Hour*

By Chancellor John H. Vincent

IN answer to a question concerning the many ways of doing good the writer of this paper suggested as the first answer the following: The best way to do good is to BE good. But to be good—"there's the rub." It is easy to talk about it but beyond talk we halt as in the presence of a huge boulder that has fallen from the mountain and closed up the pathway. How to be good! that is the problem and a very serious one. But let us lighten and relieve it a bit by asking: How shall we *begin* to be good? It may not be so very hard simply to begin.

To begin to be good we are bound at least to give a thought to the problem of God. If there be no God, no universal God, no standard of righteousness, no supreme One who is the source of all facts and all ideals it is not easy to think of Right and Wrong. The problem of goodness is wrapped up in the problem of God.

A skeptic once wrote on a blackboard "GOD IS NOWHERE." A wise-man took the chalk the infidel had laid down and drew a line between the letters *W* and *H* in the infidel's "Nowhere." That stroke made the sentence read "GOD IS NOW HERE."

With this as a fact to which we assent, and with firm conviction, I think it is safe to say that if a good and holy God is now here—the time for us to begin to be good is *now*, and the place is *here*.

At least you may do your human part in the movement by which you are to be made good—*now* and *here*; to aim at a start at least in the better life, to form a resolve, to make a surrender of yourself, your time, your occupations, your future years—to do all this *now* and *here*.

When you want to breathe correctly—to form the habit

*The Vesper Hour, contributed to THE CHAUTAUQUAN each month by Chancellor Vincent, continues the ministries of Chautauqua's Vesper Service throughout the year.

of proper breathing in deep, full, normal fashion—you begin—now and here.

But you say you have “begun so often,” “a dozen times,” “a score,” “a hundred times.” Well if you have begun a thousand times—begin over again—*now* and *here*. It is unnecessary to wait. I mean that while you read these lines you may make use of the supernatural spiritual forces here and now present, and rationally, reverently enter into an eternal covenant with God—the God of the Sun, the God of the Ether, the God of the Atmosphere, the God of Electricity, the God who is Wisdom, Love and Energy, whose presence fills the Universe, the God revealed in Jesus Christ who manifested Himself in historic conditions and then withdrew that He might be present to a living faith anywhere, everywhere, always! Jesus Christ who by His life and death revealed God’s righteousness and God’s loathing of sin, and who by His resurrection revealed God’s almighty and by His ascension revealed the reality of the invisible and eternal kingdom of which we may all become members—He is here with His kingdom of spirit more wonderful than the most advanced development of civilization. There is a spiritual civilization in which celestial forces operate according to celestial laws and under which the telephone and wireless telegraphy are but awkward and cumbersome shadows of heavenly conditions and fellowship possible to any man, woman or child who will by faith accept Christ and live the strong, the earnest, the practical, the every-day Christian life.

Our modern civilization supplies figures of speech for us. We are not limited to the old analogies—some natural, as water and air, some artificial—ritualistic expressions in color, garb, candlestick, fragrant incense, altar, cherubim, and shekinah. In our day electricity and wireless telegraphy, the new psychology with the mystic forces it has discovered, give intimations and illustrations of the grace of Christ—the silent, mighty energy ready to overcome the selfishness of the human soul, break the power of inheritance and habit

and show what may be done by psychic law through the spiritual forces of this universe. All these powers and possibilities lie hidden *now* and *here*—where you sit at this moment.

God is now here. And God is *love!* God holds all material and spiritual forces in His grasp. In fact, they are all but His *Breath*. A recent writer—Mr. Brierly of England—says, “‘Conversion’ is a word that is tophampered with outworn tradition. It has been made sinister by narrow and morbid association. Conversion is a scientific fact as much as magnetism. It represents the law of human moral recovery. The force available for it is within everybody’s reach.

It is possible to begin to be good; to live a new, free large, beautiful, joyful and divine life today; to turn over a new leaf; to frame and breathe a new vow; to take down from the shelf a new volume in your own life series; to strike a new key and sound forth in your life a new song. Because God is; because God is *Love*—fathomless, boundless, eternal *love*; because He is *now here*; because His love is all-powerful when it comes into accord with a consenting will—it is possible for any one of us *now* to begin to be good. Whoever you are—philosopher, poet, merchant, mechanic, sewing girl, student, mother, household-manager, artist, ploughboy, lawyer, teacher, railroad employee—whoever you are, having a moral sense, a measure of intellect, a dream of something nobler and better in personal character than you have attained, a heart that hungers for love and for peace—there is a splendid universe open to your surrendered will—a new life, a true life, a strong life, a useful and noble life. And the God who can lead you into it is *now here*.

You can begin to live this life here now: A life that acknowledges, loathes and repents of sin; that does not dwell too much on sin; a life that accepts the life of God as revealed in Jesus Christ who is in His life-giving energy in the very air you breathe. It is a life that comes a breath

at a time, and the spiritual atmosphere is boundless as the universe. It is a life that voluntarily and then from habit breathes in the spiritual atmosphere. If you forget—you may begin again. The forces are about you and within you! By a supreme act of faith and will you may surrender to them. I do not ask now for *profession*. I plead for personal *surrender* to God's leading. I plead for a resolve made now and here:

1. To believe in God as *Love* revealed in Jesus Christ, love that loathes sin and that longs after the sinner, love that revealed itself on the cross and that demonstrated its power by the resurrection, love that loves to forgive.

2. To use your will and let desire after more feeling and sentiment go. *Resolve* to give yourself now and here to the life of love—of love for all that is true and best and holy and useful. Not that you can do all for yourself and in yourself. Without the *atmosphere* your breathing apparatus and your vital force would not avail much. The divine energy of life—call it what you will—Holy Spirit (and it is a Holy Spirit)—or Jesus Christ (and this energy of life all pervading is Jesus of Nazareth in the mystic realm of spirit)—this invisible force is yours. It is everywhere present. Think of the air as intelligence. Think of the air as love and pity. Think of the air as force, as power able to possess and strengthen and enoble you. Then breathe it in and talk to it as to a Friend, a Brother, a Mother—rest in it, be glad for it, and you have the psychic secret of what we call saving faith. As you breathe it in—this all pervading mysterious spiritual atmosphere—live it out in word and deed, in acts of faith and service. Do the right thing as far as you can. Resist a temptation to quick temper, sharp repartee, self-indulgence in temper, pride, selfishness. Breathe in strength spiritual at every breath as you rest in the reality of Jesus Christ as Redeemer and Savior.

3. To make a life-long covenant with the God now here, to leave yourself in the keeping of the Christ, to give yourself to the striving of the church, to pledge yourself

to an everyday renewal of this surrender, an everyday habit of thinking—of THINKING: of reading, and of praying that you may be a steady, consistent, studious, devout and faithful follower of Christ.

4. Keep your Bible on your bureau, dressing case or table and every morning without fail (and if you are not a weakling in will power you need never fail) open the Book and read at least five verses.

5. Every hour when you hear the clock strike breathe a breath of desire as though you knew that the Infinite Spirit of God surrounded you, as it certainly does, like a sea of love and light and peace and you would inhale a measure of its fullness—and breathing say "Enter and possess me O Spirit of Truth and Righteousness that in Thee this day and all the days I may live and move and have my being."

6. Again and again through the day recall the fact that the God who is Love is not only accessible but that He is able to do for you and in you, "exceeding abundantly above all that you can ask or think according to the power that worketh in you," and again breathe in with the light and air the ever eager and present Spirit of life and love.

7. The Chautauquans have a dream, and some of them a custom, of four prayers every day. In the early morning when they wake they imagine that sweet bells are chiming, and at Morning Bells they pray for "a true life" and for *Courage*. At noonday when their imaginary "bells do chime" they offer a prayer for a "higher life" and for *Love*. At Vesper hour they pray again for "a complete life" and for *Strength*. And when the night enfolds them and they lie down to sleep they hear in fancy the night bells ring and then with the close of the day's activities they pray for "a restful life" and for *Contentment*. It is a good thing for every Christian to pray again and again realizing the great fact that at all hours and in all places God is—He is *now here*—and one may breathe His life into one's own life by rest and silence and desire and faith. A beautiful life, a rational life is this life of constant fellowship with God.



Dr. Johnson and David Garrick

Everything connected even remotely with Dr. Johnson was worthy his biographer Boswell's attention and it is to this fact that we owe a number of interesting anecdotes of David Garrick, who from his school days until his death was intimate with Johnson. These anecdotes are scattered through Boswell's pages but when rearranged in something like a logical order we can get a fair picture of Garrick as he appeared in the eyes of Johnson and the jealous Boswell.

In 1736 Johnson established school in Lichfield for young gentlemen. To this came Garrick and his brother and "a young gentleman of good fortune who died early" named Offely. Others seem not to have been desirous of fame so easily acquired for these three students constituted the school. Disgusted by his ill success Johnson went to London to seek his fortune in literature and David Garrick accompanied him. Johnson later said of their advent, "I came with two-pence half-penny in my pocket and thou, David, with three half-pence in thine."

In the years which followed Garrick achieved fame and great wealth as an actor and Johnson, distinguished poverty as a writer. Perhaps the worthy Doctor felt the difference in fortune rather keenly for at times he takes a crack at Garrick a bit ill-naturedly. But in the main his judgment of him is fair and his appreciation of him enthusiastic.

No more characteristic page of Boswell can be found than that recounting his introduction to Johnson; and curiously enough Garrick's name enters into the dispute which ensued. Says Boswell:

"Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cries Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O, Sir, I cannot think that Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' 'Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check: for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.

"(That this was a momentary sally against Garrick, there can be no doubt; for at Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit-night at his theater to this very person, by which she got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, 'It is observed, Sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but will suffer nobody else to do it.' *Johnson, (smiling.)* 'Why, Sir, that is true.'"

In conversation with the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons, Dr. Johnson once paid a glowing tribute to Garrick's genius as an actor:

"What Clive did best, she did better than Garrick; but could not do half so many things well; she was a better romp than I ever saw in nature.—Pritchard in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talked of her 'gownd'; but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.—I once talked with

Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art. Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own scene-shifters who could not have spoken 'To be, and not to be,' better than he did; yet he was the only actor I ever saw, whom I would call a master both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguished excellencies.' Having expatiated with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents; 'And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of the table.'

Many times does Johnson acknowledge Garrick's brilliancy as a conversationalist. He said on one occasion, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

At times his enthusiasm is qualified somewhat:

"Garrick's conversation is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of all sorts, but of good things. There is no solid meat in it: there is a want of sentiment in it. Not but that he has sentiment sometimes, and sentiment, too, very powerful and pleasing: but it has not its full proportion in his conversation."

Of Garrick as a writer several anecdotes survive which retain the peculiar flavor of the Doctor's wit:

"Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick's talents for light gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in 'Florizel and Perdita,' and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

'I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.'

Johnson. 'Nay, my dear Lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple;—What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich.' I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him I observed that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put in his horns: '*fænum habet in cornu.*' 'Ay, (said Garrick, vehemently,) he has a whole mow of it.'

But the wit was not all upon the Doctor's side. Garrick himself was not only a wit but an actor and he secured revenge in characteristic manner as even the devoted Boswell recounts:

"He [Johnson] expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who, he said, were the most sober, decent people in England, the genteest in proportion to their wealth and spoke the purest English. I doubted as to the last article of this eulogy: for they had several provincial sounds; as *there*, pronounced like *fear*, instead of *fair*; *once*, pronounced *woonse*, instead of *wunse* or *wanse*, Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, with uncouth, gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, 'Who's for poonsh?'"

Of Garrick, Johnson said after his death, "I shall always remember him with affection as well as admiration." And in the Life of Edmund Smith, Johnson has written, "I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the publick stock of harmless pleasure."

We may close with a final quotation from Boswell with its characteristic Boswellian intrusion:

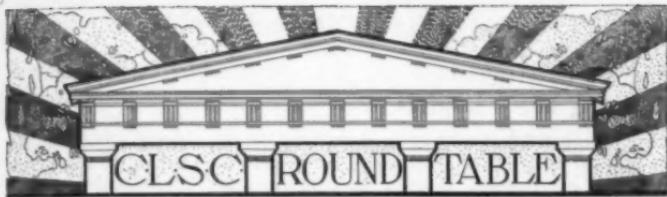
Johnson. "Garrick was a very good man, the cheerfulest man of his age; a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness; and a man who gave away, freely, money acquired by himself. He began the world with a great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make four pence do as much as others made four-pence half penny do. But, when he had got the money, he was very liberal." I presumed to animadvert on his eulogy on Garrick, in his "Lives of the Poets." "You say, sir, his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations." *Johnson.* "I could not have said more or less. It is the truth; eclipsed, not extinguished; and his death did eclipse; it was like a storm." *Boswell.* "But why nations? Did his gaiety extend further than his own nation?" *Johnson.* "Why, Sir, some exaggeration must be allowed. Besides, nations may be said—if we allow the Scotch to be a nation, and to have gaiety,—which they have not."



Dr. Samuel Johnson



David Garrick



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BOOKS ON ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

No part of our Reading Journey in England is more fascinating to the average reader than the glimpses of the great Cathedrals. To Lowell they were "imagination's very self in stone." Hawthorne paid his tribute to their spell in his account of a visit to Lichfield.

"To my uninstructed vision, it seemed the object best worth gazing at in the whole world; and now, after beholding a great many more, I remember it with less prodigal admiration only because others are as magnificent as itself. . . . A Gothic cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which man has yet achieved, so vast, so intricate, and so profoundly simple, with such strange, delightful recesses in its grand figure, so difficult to comprehend within one idea and yet all so consonant that it ultimately draws the beholder and his universe into its harmony. It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough."

Many readers will be eager to learn more of the history and the architecture of these splendid buildings for they are not only monuments of England's social and religious history covering a period of hundreds of years but are also a part of that great art movement of the middle ages which is one of the most impressive chapters in human history. Readers, who feel unable to attempt an elaborate course in English Architecture but who would be glad to know more of the history of the great Cathedrals and to understand the meaning of architectural terms and the chief

lines of development in English architecture, will find the following books helpful:

"English Gothic Architecture," by P. H. Ditchfield (Temple Primers). This little volume gives a clear statement of the chief features of English Gothic, accompanied by illustrations which make plain its significant developments, and includes a glossary of architectural words. It must be borne in mind that this writer and some others whose works are here recommended hold very tenaciously the view that English Gothic is independent of French origin. Their opinions must not be taken as the final word upon this subject.

"A. B. C. of Gothic Architecture," "Introduction to Gothic Architecture," and "Concise Glossary of Architecture," by J. H. Parker will be found in many libraries. They were written for popular use and though they have been superseded in some respects by later works they are well adapted to the needs of a beginner.

"Bell's Cathedral Series," 60 cents each, covering all the principal Cathedrals, will be found very satisfactory for descriptive material. These little handbooks treat each cathedral in detail, giving its history, legends and architectural features with many attractive illustrations.

"An Illustrated Guide to the Cathedrals of Great Britain," P. H. Ditchfield, gives the history and chief architectural features of each Cathedral (some forty-eight in all) with many very effective illustrations.



For students and clubs wishing to make a thorough study of the subject, the following books are recommended. Many librarians will be glad to purchase these books if requested to do so.

"A History of Gothic Art in England," by Edward S. Prior. \$10.00. The best general work on English Cathedral Architecture. A large octavo volume very fully illustrated by means of diagrams and drawings of typical examples of architectural details. The author writes from a point of view which is not prepared to admit that English Gothic architecture is of French origin.

"The Cathedral Builders," \$2.00, a smaller volume also by Mr. Prior, discusses the social and religious conditions which in successive centuries shaped the architectural character of the great English churches.

"The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," by Charles H. Moore, \$4.50, is commended to the more advanced student as a very important and critical discussion rather than a description of Gothic architecture. It deals almost wholly with French Gothic, viewing it as the foundation of all western European Gothic architecture.

"Gothic Architecture in England," by Francis Bond, \$12.00, shows its origin and development from the Norman Conquest to the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The illustrations accompanying the text are very fine.



Courtesy of Current Literature.

Watts' Statue of Tennyson, Recently Unveiled in Lincoln, England.
Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my
hand,

Little flower—but if I could under-
stand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.



The Late William
P. Kane,
C. L. S. C. Coun-
selor.



Arthur E. Bestor,
President C. L. S.
C. Class of 1910



Prof. George D.
Kellogg,
President C. L. S.
C. Class of 1907.

THE WASHINGTON CLASS 1907

Latest reports from class committees of 1907 report progress on the class pin and banner and promise full details at an early day. We hope to be able to give definite particulars next month. Members are showing a keen interest in class affairs and a willingness to coöperate in all undertakings.

DR. W. P. KANE

Dr. W. P. Kane, whose death occurred at Hot Springs, Arkansas, in November, was for several years one of the C. L. S. C. Counselors. He was a graduate of Monmouth College and of Newburgh Theological Seminary, held pastorate of Presbyterian churches in New York State, Indiana and Illinois and in 1899 became president of Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana. He was much interested in educational enterprises and entered very heartily into the work of the Winona Assembly. In 1901 at the request of the Winona Assembly the membership of the Winona Reading Circle was transferred to the C. L. S. C. and Dr. Kane was invited to become one of the C. L. S. C. Counselors.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1910

Dear Fellow-classmates:

It is a cause for congratulation that our class promises to be remarkable for its large enrollment as well as for its enthusiasm. The enrollment will become a fixed fact by the end of this year, but the enthusiasm is a variable quantity and upon this depends the size of our graduating class four years hence. It would be a great thing if we, the Gladstone class, should make the record for the largest proportion of graduates of any class up to this time.

The money for our floor tablet in the Hall of Philosophy has been largely pledged. Our Alumni Hall fund, which gives us a permanent class headquarters we shall easily raise in the next three years. Perhaps you would like to help along these two funds, in which case please write to the class treasurer, whose name and address you will find on page 255 of the October CHAUTAUQUAN. Your committee is working upon the class banner and hopes to have as distinctive a permanent banner as the temporary one which was used last summer.

Our studies for the year are being carried on with enthusiasm, as shown by reports from all parts of the country. The Round Table Editor ought to receive occasional reports of your progress so that your classmates may know what you are doing. The "English year" is an opportunity for us to come into close contact with the great men of England whose thinking has influenced the whole world. Let us make the most of this experience, remembering in our study the motto which we have adopted that "Life is a great and noble calling." If need be let us put aside other demands that we may have more leisure for our own thinking.

With best wishes to all members of the class of 1910,
I remain

Cordially yours,

ARTHUR E. BESTOR.
President.

Chicago, Ill., November 10, 1906.

DAILY READINGS FROM TENNYSON.

The plan suggested last month for Wordsworth applies equally well to Tennyson and the following daily readings are therefore suggested. Most of them are longer than those from Wordsworth, so a little daily extension of time may be desirable or some may be omitted. Readers who have favorite poems which they prefer to reread, will of course, revise this list to suit their own convenience.

- | | | | |
|-------------|--|--------------|--|
| January 15. | The Dying Swan. | January 29. | Gareth and Lynette. |
| January 16. | Ulysses. | February 1. | Geraint and Enid. |
| January 17. | Tithonus. | February 2. | Merlin and Vivien. |
| January 18. | Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere. | February 3. | Launcelot and Elaine. |
| January 19. | Sir Galahad. | February 4. | The Holy Grail. |
| January 20. | Break, Break, Break. | February 5. | Pelleas and Etarre. |
| January 21. | Locksley Hall. | February 6. | The Last Tourna-
ment. |
| January 22. | Locksley Hall,
Sixty Years After. | February 7. | Guinevere. |
| January 23. | The Princess—
Parts I-IV. | February 8. | The Passing of
Arthur and Epilogue. |
| January 24. | The Princess—
Parts V-VII. | February 9. | In Memoriam to
Canto XXXI. |
| January 25. | Flower in the
Crannied Wall. | February 10. | In Memoriam to
Canto LXXVIII. |
| January 26. | A Dream of Fair
Women. | February 11. | In Memoriam to
Canto CVI. |
| January 27. | The Higher Pantheism. | February 12. | In Memoriam to
Canto CXXXI. |
| January 28. | Dedication to Idylls
of the King and The Coming
of Arthur. | February 13. | In Memoriam
Epithalamium. |



Supplementing the editions of Shakespeare already noted in an earlier number of the Round Table we are glad to commend the new Cambridge edition recently issued by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Company for \$3.00. This attractive volume edited by Professor William Allen Neilson of Harvard University contains in some twelve hundred pages the entire works of Shakespeare, a biographical sketch, glossary, and an introduction to each play and poem, summarizing authorities on dates, sources, etc., and discussing Shakespeare's use of this material. As a piece of book making this volume does great credit to the Riverside Press. The paper is thin yet opaque, and the type clear and black and easily read. The firm, flexible binding makes the handling of such a book a pleasure.

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
 BRYANT DAY—November 3.
 SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
 MILTON DAY—December 9.
 COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
 LANIER DAY—February 3.
 SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
 LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
 SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
 ADDISON DAY—May 1.

SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
 INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY—May 18.
 SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
 INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
 ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.
 RECOGNITION DAY—August, third Wednesday.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We study the Word and the Works of God."
"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."
"Never be Discouraged."

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING FOR FEBRUARY.

FIRST WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Lancashire." First half.
 Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England," Chapters IX and X.

SECOND WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Lancashire," Concluded. "English Men of Fame, John Burns."
 Required Book: "What is Shakespeare?" Chapter VI.

THIRD WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Cheshire."
 Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England," Chapter XI.

FOURTH WEEK

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Industrial Counties: Staffordshire."
 Required Book: "Literary Leaders of Modern England," Chapter XII.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLES

FIRST WEEK

Map Review: Characteristics and associations of Lancashire.
 Readings: Some of Hawthorne's experiences at Liverpool (see "Our Old Home"); "The Lincoln Mark" (February CHAUTAUQUAN).

Paper: John Bright (see books on his life, and articles in *Littell's Living Age*, 181:538, June 1, 1889; *Century Magazine*, 6:439, July, 1884; also Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Roll Call: Quotations from John Bright's addresses on the Corn Laws, The State of Ireland, Irish Church, etc., (see above)

references); or reports on paragraphs in *Highways and Byways*.

Readings: Tennyson's poems of Ulysses, Tithonus, and Sir Galahad. These poems illustrate particularly Tennyson's skill in portraying historic characters and making each expressive of his time and ideals.

Study of selected poems of Tennyson: Locksley Hall, Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, The Dying Swan, The Higher Pantheism. Let each be assigned to a different member who will report on the characteristics of the poet as shown in these works, time of composition, etc. (A list of reference books will be found in "Literary Leaders" but these are not essential. The poems themselves read in the light of Dr. Dawson's comments will be found very suggestive.)

SECOND WEEK

Oral Reports: For what are the following men famous: Watt, Crompton, Hargreaves, Kay, Arkwright, Stephenson, Robert Peel.

Reading: Review with selections of article on "The Rochdale Pioneers," *Outlook*, 64:533, March 3, 1900.

* **Paper:** Richard Cobden and Free Trade. (See "Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century," by Joy, "Life of Cobden," by John Morley, encyclopedias, etc.)

Discussion: Are there any parallels between the problems, which John Burns faces today and those which Peel, Bright and Cobden worked out? (Let the circle be divided into three groups each of which should select one of these three men for comparison. See Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century, and histories.)

Oral Report: The plot of Shakespeare's "Love's Labours Lost" as compared with that of Tennyson's "Princess."

Study of Tennyson's "Princess": The leader of this part of the program will find very helpful a little volume of the Lake Classics Series 25c, by Copeland and Rideout. It contains very full notes and comments, among them the following:

"The Princess" like most of Tennyson's other works is remarkable for the music everywhere to be heard in words and cadences as well as in metres; for the truth and beauty of its descriptions of nature; for sympathy, much tempered by conservatism, with the intellectual, the scientific and the social movements of the times, for its reverent sense of law as the harmony of the world; and for its still deeper sense of religion as the source of that order."

The poem should be divided into sections for close study and one or more members be assigned to each section.

THIRD WEEK

Short Paper: "The Pilgrimage of Grace" (see the larger histories of England for the times of Henry VIII also Larned's "History for Ready Reference.")

Readings: Wordsworth's two sonnets "At Furness Abbey" and his "Pelee Castle."

Book Review with Reading of selections: W. H. Ainsworth's "The Lancashire Witches" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton."

Study of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": A complete list of the Idylls in their order will be found in the Round Table. Let each be assigned to some one member who will present an out-

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line of the story; note special characteristics of the poet in dealing with the subject as pointed out by Dr. Dawson and especially fine passages. The leader should guide the discussion adding, where appropriate, references to comments by great critics. Van Dyke's "The Poetry of Tennyson" treats these poems quite fully; other references will be found in "Literary Leaders."

FOURTH WEEK

Map Review: Cheshire and Staffordshire.

Reading: Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee," and Milton's "Lycidas." Oral Reports: Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." (Each of several persons might be assigned one or more chapters in the book, narrating the chief incidents and giving apt quotations.)

Paper: English Pottery (see articles in Encyclopedia Britannica. Miss Eliza Meteyard's books on "Wedgwood" and any other available works).

Reading: Hawthorne's description of Lichfield Cathedral in "Our Old Home."

Study of Tennyson's "In Memoriam": It would be well to secure a special leader for this poem, one if possible who is a teacher of English. Let different sections of the poem be assigned to several members who will make a detailed study of them, bringing out the characteristics of Tennyson as shown in his treatment of the subject. Each member should be provided with a copy of the poem and have read it beforehand so as to take part in the discussion.



THE TRAVEL CLUB

ELEVENTH PROGRAM

Map Review of Lancashire (see Baedeker and also THE CHAUTAUQUAN 29:107, May, 1899).

Paper: Hawthorne's experiences at Liverpool (see "Our Old Home" by Hawthorne).

Reading: Selections from "Our Old Home."

Oral Reports: Rossetti's picture of Dante's Dream (see THE CHAUTAUQUAN, also available books on Rossetti); Life and work of James Martineau.

Paper: John Bright (see Lives of John Bright and articles in *Littell's Living Age*, 181:538, June 1, 1889; *Century Magazine*, 6:439, July 1884, also the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature).

Roll Call: Quotations from the speeches of John Bright on the Corn Laws, The State of Ireland, The Irish Church, etc., (see Warner Library, various collections of addresses, and *Littell's Living Age* 181:538).

Reading: "The Lincoln Mark" in the February CHAUTAUQUAN.

TWELFTH PROGRAM

Roll Call: For what are the following men famous: Watt, Crompton, Hargreaves, Kay, Arkwright, Stephenson, and Robert Peel.

Paper: How the "Industrial Revolution" affected both the growth of cities and the condition of Agriculture (see Cheyney's "Industrial and Social History of England," Trail's "Social

England," "The Growth of the English Nation," Coman and Kendall, Green's "Short History," etc.)

Reading: Review with selections of article on "The Rochdale Pioneers," *Outlook*, 64:533, March 3, 1900.

Oral Report: Some facts about the Manchester Ship Canal (see *Living Age*, 200:374, February 10, 1894; THE CHAUTAUQUAN 28:531, March, 1899).

Paper: Richard Cobden and Free Trade (see "Ten Englishmen of the 19th Century" by Joy; "Life of Cobden" by John Morley; encyclopedias, etc.)

Discussion: Are there any parallels between the problems which John Burns faces today and those which Peel, Bright, and Cobden worked out? (See article on John Burns in this magazine, also Ten Englishmen of the Nineteenth Century, and histories.)

THIRTEENTH PROGRAM

Paper: The Pilgrimage of Grace (see the larger histories of England at time of Henry VIII, also Larned's "History for Ready Reference.")

Oral Report: The history and fate of some great English Abbeys: Bolton, Kirkstall, Netley, Furness, Rievaulx, Fountains.

Readings: Wordsworth's "Peele Castle" and two sonnets "At Furness Abbey."

Book Review with reading of selections: W. H. Ainsworth's "The Lancashire Witches;" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton."

Character Study: George Fox (see lives of Fox, his journals, encyclopedias, and articles in *Littell's Living Age* 199:259, Nov. 4, '93).

Roll Call: Anecdotes of George Fox.

FOURTEENTH PROGRAM

Map Review: Cheshire and Staffordshire.

Oral Reports: Objects of interest in Chester and its immediate vicinity (see Baedeker's "Great Britain.")

Readings: Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee," and Milton's "Lycidas."

Roll Call: Quotations from Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" descriptive of the place.

Paper: Josiah Wedgwood and English Pottery (see books by Miss Eliza Meteyard and encyclopedia articles).

Readings: Anecdotes of Garrick (see *The Library Shelf*); selections from Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," chapter on Lichfield and Uttoxeter.

Discussion: The Cathedrals of Chester and Lichfield (see paragraph on English Architecture in Round Table).

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. John George Lambton. Born in London 1792. Died 1840. Member of the House of Commons 1813-28. Made Baron Durham in 1828 and Earl in 1833; took part in preparation of first reform bill. Ambassador to St. Petersburg, to Vienna and Berlin. Governor General of the British provinces in North America 1838. Resigned the same year.
2. The Right Honorable Earl Grey.
3. Hudson's Bay and Northwestern.
4. Born at Reading, England, 1823. Professor of Modern History at Oxford 1858-66 and of

English and Constitutional History at Cornell University 1868-71, when he exchanged his chair for that of a non-resident professor and removed to Toronto. Member of the Senate of University of Toronto. Editor *Canadian Monthly* 1872-74. Founded the *Toronto Week* in 1884. Is author of many important historical works. 5. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a Scottish explorer, who discovered it. 6. A court clique which virtually ruled France in 1733. 7. The radical change in methods of manufacture brought about by the invention of machinery in the last part of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth centuries. 8. Appointed Governor General in 1872. By his wise statesmanship he guided affairs of state with success at a critical period. 9. It was taken by them in the struggle with Napoleon in 1800. 10. Captured by Sir David Baird in 1799, abandoned in 1801 and reoccupied in 1857. 11. Four million pounds. 12. Born in 1841. Educated at Ordnance School, Carshalton. Member of Royal Artillery. Diplomatic services in connection with affairs in Ionian Islands 1861. Jamaica, West Indies, 1865. India 1872-6 and Egypt, where he became Controller General in 1879. 13. An extensive plateau called the "Roof of the World," the central knot of Asiatic mountains from which radiate the Hindu Kush and other mountains.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Monk of Jarrow 673-735 wrote the great "Ecclesiastical History of England," works on grammar, hymns, lives of saints, etc., and taught many hundreds of students. Green calls him "The father of our national education."
2. For his exploits as a daring border warrior.
3. One of those marauders who infested the mossy or marshy marches between England and Scotland during the 17th century before the union of the two countries.
4. A celebrated work on the "Evidences of Christianity" by William Paley, Deacon of Carlisle and afterward Dean of Lincoln. A collection of old popular songs and ballads published under the title "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" by Thomas Percy, Dean of Carlisle and afterward Bishop of Dromore.
5. Uhland, a German lyric poet, 1787-1862.
6. "The good Lord Clifford" of Brougham Castle.
7. A Brownie in Mrs. J. H. Ewing's book with this title.
8. As the author of many beautiful hymns widely used by all religious denominations.
9. *Blackwoods*.

NEWS FROM READERS AND CIRCLES

The members of the Round Table took their seats with a promptness and alacrity which savored of New Year's resolutions. "Will some one tell me," ventured a new member, "who wrote the lines beginning,

"It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so;"

and what follows them? I heard the quotation and have been unable to identify it." "Wasn't it Clough?" responded a delegate just opposite, with a glance at the head of the table. "If you appeal to me," returned Pendragon, "I ought to say both no and yes, 'no' because, though your mistake is a very reasonable one, the poet's

name is pronounced Cluff, and not Clow, if you will pardon my correction, and 'yes' because you are quite right about his authorship. You will find the quotation in the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature and with it a very sympathetic sketch of the poet by Charles Eliot Norton. Clough was a man of rare quality and his life one of those that repay study. Be sure to read his little poem, familiar to many of you, beginning

'Say not the struggle naught availeth.'

You will find selections from his work also in the fourth volume of Ward's 'English Poets.'

"I wish I could remember poetry, but I can't," sadly commented a member from Maine. "Of course I can often recognize a poem when I hear it, but quotations never come to me unsought. I was cheered the other day to hear of a Harvard student who was examined upon Wordsworth and whose best efforts at a quotation resulted in the following:

'A violet by a mossy stone,
A yellow primrose was to him
But oh the difference to me.'"

"Fortunately," laughed Pendragon, "ability to quote a poet is not a true test of his value to us. By frequent reading we may absorb a poet, so to speak, so that we unconsciously assimilate his thought and apply it to our philosophy of life a hundred times perhaps when we are not aware of it. It is something to remember also that a certain poem has appealed to us so that we may turn to it with assurance of pleasure." "It reminds me," said a Virginian, "of what John Bright once said,—you see I've been reading ahead,—John Bright and Clough both belonged to Lancashire, you know. Mr. Bright when discussing the merits of great English authors said that it was his habit to select one poet for reading during every session; that when he went home to his lodgings at night after leaving the House of Commons, he was unable to sleep at once and that he sat up reading his selected poet."

"Perhaps a word from Iowa may not come amiss," said the Marshalltown delegate. "We are a circle of twenty members, some have done four years' work and are starting again this year; some have done one, two, or three and some are just beginning. We are the Literature Department of our local Woman's Club and we are enthusiastic, every one. November 7th our department had charge of the program at the public meeting of the Woman's Club. The feature of the afternoon was a lecture on 'The Romantic Poets.' It was very interesting and inspiring. On our other open day we are to have a lecture by our Methodist preacher here on 'The Conscience of Shakespeare.' We are reading 'Cymbeline' and are enjoying it immensely. We do not follow the course

exactly as outlined from week to week, but take up one book at a time. We seem to get better results in that way. We like THE CHAUTAUQUAN so much in its new form. It is so much more convenient. We enjoy the Round Table very much indeed and feel that we almost know the members personally. I am of the Class of 1909—‘Tennyson,’—and fully intend to keep right on. Our circle all sent greetings to the Round Table and kindest wishes for the future of Chautauqua.”

A member from Wadena, Minnesota, next begged an opportunity to recommend “Fyffe’s Seven Thousand Words Commonly Mispronounced.” “You don’t know how useful it is. We have a critic who takes charge of this part of the work and we have leaders for each of the two books; really our two hours’ session is all too short. We intend to have an extra meeting now and then so as to read aloud the plays.”

“Did I hear someone asking ‘What’s the matter with Kansas?’” queried the delegate from Wichita, Mrs. Piatt. “If so, perhaps I’d better report, for we make quite a showing, I’m happy to say. The Sunflower is, you know, our oldest circle and does good work, meeting in the afternoon. The Ingalls, Plymouth, Vincent and Victoria Circles also meet in the afternoon in widely separated parts of the town. The Victoria is a new circle, the members of which have taken hold with such good will that they are having delightful meetings. Another new circle, The Emerson, is connected with the Unitarian church and led by some of our old members. The Epworth seems to be fitly characterized by the Western epithet ‘booming.’ It is made up largely of bright young people. Alma Circle having had the distinction on two occasions of being the largest circle in the city gives place in size to several others, but its spirits have not yielded. Irving and West Side after brief lapses have revived again, a cheering evidence of C. L. S. C. vitality. The West Side possesses a large membership and a Quaker element which may be said to be a desirable quality anywhere! East Side having strong social proclivities as well as a passion for hard work is as usual on the top of the wave. Then of course we have a sprinkling of individual readers who find attendance upon meetings impossible. I don’t know when Chautauqua has seemed more prosperous than right now. We shall ere long express our sense of social responsibility by some sort of public gathering.”

“I think we shall all gladly give Wichita the first place,” said the Fostoria delegate. “I’m almost dizzy at the thought of an atmosphere surcharged with Chautauqua as the town must be. I don’t wonder that they have to relieve the pressure now and then by a sort of public effervescence. We certainly look upon them with envy and admiration. We started our Chautauqua year by

having two separate circles. We follow out the printed programs in THE CHAUTAUQUAN and find them satisfactory; the lessons are assigned one week in advance and each member has ample time for thought and preparation. We have a critic who serves one month at a time. All the members are doing their best in the circle and all working for extra seals. We meet at the homes of the different members just as we are requested to meet with a certain member. Cymbeline has made a decided hit with us and we are also pleased with the 'English Government.' We give each subject a great deal of study and outsiders have requested our circle to hold an open meeting some evening, for all to attend. We have not decided what we will do yet. Our afternoon and evening circles meet together once a month and the Chautauqua Circle in Fostoria is alive and a power for good."

News Summary

DOMESTIC

November 2.—It is announced that Commander Robert E. Peary of the United States Navy has reached "farthest north," 87 degrees 6 minutes.

6.—Charles E. Hughes is elected Governor of New York; the remainder of the ticket goes Democratic. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives is reduced from 114 to 56. In the Senate a gain of two members gives the Republicans a majority of 28. President Roosevelt orders dismissal from the army of a negro battalion which engaged in a riot at Fort Brown, Texas.

15.—Attorney General Moody files suit for the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. Mayor Schmitz and Boss Ruef of San Francisco are indicted for extortion.

22.—New York Central Railroad Company is fined \$18,000 for granting rebates.

23.—Employees of several large corporations including the United States Steel Company are granted an advance in wages.

26.—Federal Grand Jury in Utah returns indictments against several corporations for participation in frauds in Government lands.

FOREIGN

November 9.—Lord Mayor's celebration is held in London in honor of Sir William Treloar, the new Lord Mayor.

11.—Statistics of birth rate in France for 1905 show a further decline.

18.—Bomb is thrown in Church of St. Peters in Rome; no damage is caused.

OBITUARY

November 2.—George Herring, English financier and philanthropist.

5.—Fritz Thaulow, famous Norwegian landscape painter.

12.—Major General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., retired.

The Chautauquan

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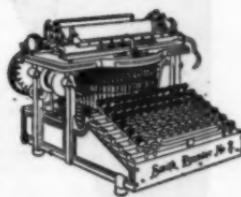
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